

THE
Female Fortune-Teller.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

PERS. Sat. 5.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XXVI.

(Price One Shilling Six-pence.)





PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mr. RYAN.

NEW Plays, or good or bad, shou'd once be shown,
Before their proper Jury-men, the Town.
Since both have pleased by Turns ; nor your Applause,
Nor your Dislike, before you hear the Cause,
Can be determin'd ; therefore 'tis your Right
To see, t'approve, or to condemn on Sight.

The Poet of To-night——a merry Bard,
Hopes from your Laughter only his Reward.
He does not from old Aristotle's School
Insist on Learning, to be dull by Rule.
Nor shall Dramatick Regulations teize you ;
He sacrifices Time and Place to please you.
He gives to Criticks Faults ; to Whales of Sense,
Throws Tubs of Error, in his own Defence.

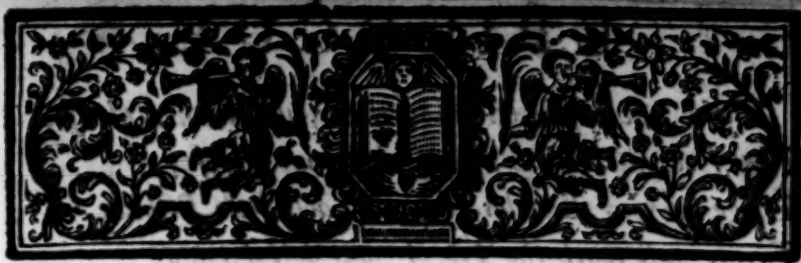
We represent to Night a Scene uncommon,
A Fortune-Teller ; or, The Cunning Woman :

PROLOGUE.

*A Woman skill'd in Arts of human Nature,
Who from the Constitution knows the Creature
Not in the Stars, but in your Passions views
What Int'rest, Love or Jealousy produce.
When Cælia sighs for wither'd Strephon's Bed
She knows she sighs not out of Love, but Need:
And when young Cymon weds Amelia old,
Wisely foretells, it is the Lust of Gold.
Britons attend——you'll find a Tale at least
With various Incidents, a plenteous Feast
And Viands not inelegantly drest.*

*Oh, cou'd the Poet now his Fortune know,
Which three short Hours most certainly will show,
'Twou'd ease his Doubts: But like his Brethren, He
Presumes to look into Futurity;
Points out the coming Fortunes of the Town,
Senseless and quite unknowing of his own.*





EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. YOUNGER.

Custom, a Prince of arbitrary Sway,
Whom both the Sexes willingly obey,
Commands me to say somewhat for this Play.

Shall I, with Prayer, in humble wise address,
Or huff the Criticks, and demand Success?
Methinks the Poet, who thus courts your Favour,
Shews like the jealous Lover's wild Behaviour,
Who fights to prove his Passion for the Dame,
And by his Valour signifies his Flame;
Tho' shedding Ink, no more than shedding Blood,
Will make the Poet or the Lover good.
Women and Wits another Way are gain'd,
By soft and tender Nonsense are obtain'd;
The gilded Stocking, the Toupie, will prove
Of sovereign Use in the Affairs of Love;
And the light Scene, unmix'd with manly Sense,
To the true Critick never gives Offence

Fond

EPILOGUE.

*Fond Lovers, wou'd you then your Women please,
Never consult your Passion, but your Dress;
Large be your Buckles, let your desperate Bilbow
Erect, just touch the Tip of your left Elbow:
Sigh, Ogle, Lisp, upon your Tip-toes tread,
And in a Cloud of Powder hide your Head.
They say we Women love Things like our selvet;
It may be so—— but you Fantastick Elves,
Who flatter all alike, to you is owing,
And your deceitful Looks, our whole Undoing——*

*Hah! whether now? did I not come——'tis right!
To ask your Favour for the Play to Night?
The Man has done, he says, his best to please,
And hopes from your Indulgence some Success;
In one short Word, all that he does importune,
Is, that you will not marr, but make his Fortune.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Spring, *Confederate with Mrs. Joiner.* Mr. *Quin.*
Sir Charles Mirmont, *in Love* } Mr. *Walker.*
with Astræa.
Ringwood, *in Fee with Joiner to help* } Mr. *Rian.*
him in his Design on Scuttle. }
Owen Apwigeon, *a Welch Gentle-* } Mr. *Hippesley.*
man. }

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Joiner.* Mrs. *Egleton.*
Frances, *a Spy and Servant to Joiner.* Mrs. *Morgan.*
Astræa, *believing superstitiously in the* } Mrs. *Parker.*
Stars, and in Love with Sir Charles }
Mirmont. }
Buify, *her Servant.*
Clarinda, *Rival to Astræa.* Mrs. *Mowfet.*
Scuttle, *a young Coquet in Love with* } Mrs. *Younger.*
Ringwood. }
Mrs. Apwigeon, *a young Lady from* } Mrs. *Vincent.*
London, Wife to Apwigeon. }
Mrs. *Greenfinch, Friend to Scuttle.*

SCENE *London.*

Dramatis Personae

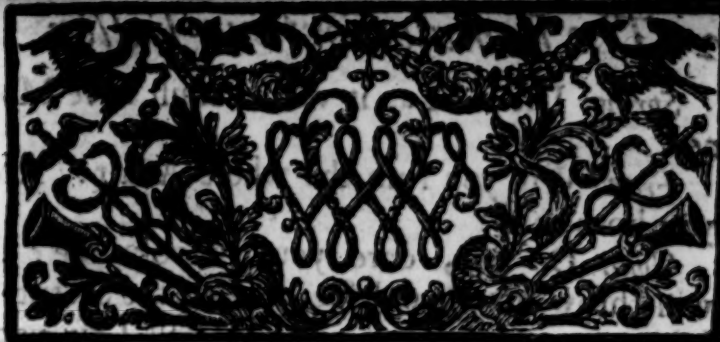
M E N

Spring, Cassanova with Mrs. Joiner.
 St. Charles, Minton, in love with Alice.
 Ringwood, in love with Joiner to help him in his design on Scutts.
 Owen, Apwidgeon, a Welsh Gentleman.
 Mr. Hopper.

W O M E N

Alice, Joiner's French, a spy and servant to Joiner.
 Alice, believing herself in the same, and in love with St. Charles.
 Minton.
 Bally, her servant.
 Clarinda, friend to Alice.
 Scutts, a young Captain in love with Mrs. Hopper.
 Ringwood.
 Mrs. Apwidgeon, a young lady from London, wife to Apwidgeon.
 Mrs. Greenback, friend to Scutts.
 Mrs. Alder.

SCENE London.



THE
Female Fortune-Teller.

ACT I.

Mrs. Joiner, Spring, and Frances.

Spring.

WILL you not divide?

Joiner. No, not one Far-
thing.

Spring. You forget your
self, you forget your self,
Madam.

Join. You have had your
Share; when my Spies, my
House, my Machenists, and my private Intelli-
gence are honourably discharged, indeed, Ma-
ster *Spring*, the Ballance will be on the wrong
Side; it will.

B

Spring.

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Spring. Let it be as it will, I must have Money.

Fran. Will you ruin the whole Affair? Are you both mad?

Join. Do you, dare you, provoke me? I will throw up all, and sue thee on the Statute; I have enough against you; I will Law you, my no Friend, I will.

Spring. Very good, do; but first I will destroy without Form of Law, as you shall see.

[*Going out, is held by Fran.*

Fran. What Devil reigns To-day? Quite mad, quite?

[*She holds him.*

Spring. Yes, Faith, I will spoil your whole Machenery; I will deface your Lamens, Signills, Spells, Amulets, Philters, and your whole Cant of Charms; I will demolish your Pantacles, your Magick Glasses, and Geomantick Figures; I will chace away your Familiars, Pugs, Ghosts, and all your rascally Crew of dependent Beggars. Death! I will starve and be honest, before I will make a Contract for nothing, with counterfeit Devils too.

Join. You are very brave; but I shall see you reduced; I shall, down, down to the Lees of Life: Go to Twelve again with the Footmen for a solitary Shilling, and warm thy self with Geneva instead of Cloaths: Yes, I shall see thee crawling in the Piazza, with a blue Nose, a sharp hollow hungry Eye, a Pair of Shanks instead of Legs, and thy whole Form thin and poor; the very Shadow of a departed Sharper; without Hope, Pity, Money, Friend, or Invention.

Spring. Let me but persecute thee first, and I shall starve in Peace: I doubt not but I shall live

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live to see thee emaciated, by old Age and Want, into a Witch, a Village Witch; yes, I shall see thee indicted for macerating Infants by roasting Images of Waxen Children, thrown into Prison for mounting a Broomstick at Midnight, and dancing a Sarabrand with *Old Nick*, and after that tuck'd up in a Withy, and sent Post for a Present to the Master of thy Midnight Revels.

Join. Sirrah! Sirrah! Is not your Life in my Power? Don't I know you to be a Felon? The Halter is round thy Neck; and if I draw the Noose, I silence thee for ever.

Fran. Will nothing stop your noisy, scurrilous Clacks: Well then, well, if you are for Hanging, Faith you shall have it; we your poor Under-Devils can but starve; Agree then, agree instantly, or we shall do what neither of you dares, and bring you to the Bar.—What? now! at this Time to quarrel! when Clients of all Sorts are waiting to be resolved their Fates: This is the House of Fortune; we are her Wheels.—Does not Money flow in from every Quarter?—And will you sacrifice to your Passions, to your idle Humours, this glorious, golden Opportunity?—Heark! somebody comes.—Calm your Brows.—So, so.—

Enter Ringwood to Joiner, Spring, and Frances.

Ringwood, Joiner, Spring, and Frances.

Ring. How now, my pretty Gypsey, my *Cleopatra* the Second? What, in a Heat?

B 2

Join.

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Join. Aye, let him starve in his Rags again, a growling, ungrateful Varlet; he will blow us all up, he says; he will divide, he will; when he knows there is not one Penny in Bank.

Ring. What, my faithful *Albumazer*, does he flinch at last? You were wont to agree better, but now your Interest is the same, you jar like two Saws a setting.——Come, come, let us have you one again.——Unite, re-unite.——What! if industrious Knaves are not faithful to one another, where shall we find Virtue?

Spring. Nay, nay, she grew hot, so very warm and sharp——

Ring. Aye, aye, she is passionate, and you feel——your Hand——so——yours——there——now kiss——so, the Peace is sealed; now to Business.——Come, my Father of the *Chaldeans*, my Interest is wrapt in yours; if you and this fair Lady can throw the Fortune of that incomprehensible Coquette, Madam *Scuttle*, into my Arms; you know the Terms, you shall both be rich: What have you done, dear *Joiner*? Have you endeavoured to fix her?

Join. Fix her!——No, her Brains are all Quicksilver; she is so intoxicated with her own Spirits, she could as well remain on the same Spot, as think the same Thing two Minutes together.——Mr. *Ringwood*, if you catch her flying, and can get her hither in a Frolick, or so, I have a Stratagem may do; I will try at least.

Ring. That I am now contriving; I hope to have her decoy'd this Way to Day; she knows nothing of my being in Town, and believes I am now at my Command in Scotland. 'Tis somewhat

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what strange, I can think and act reasonably enough as to this Woman, whom I am not in Love with:—But oh, *Astræa*—What Hopes have I there, my little *Joiner*?

Join. You wou'd not marry them both, I hope. *Astræa*, you have reason to know, is in Love with your Friend *Sir Charles Miremont*; and that he loves her, you have a Scar upon your Breast not yet healed will witness—How came you to fight a Man for a Woman, to whom your very Conquest must have made you hateful?

Ring. I acted as a Lover.

Join. Aye, unreasonably.

Ring. And if she acted as a Woman.

Join. True, strange Things might have happen'd? Does *Sir Charles* know you are recovered, and in Town?

Ring. No, I believe he thinks I am dead of my Wounds, and expects a Prosecution.

Join. Keep it a Secret; be not seen by him; or, if you can avoid it, by any of his Family. I have my Reasons for this Request, which you shall know hereafter.

Ring. Enough, Madam, you shall be obey'd.

[*A Bell rings.*]

Join. Somebody Rings; on your Guard there, [*Exeunt Frances and Spring*] You know I am employ'd to break the Match between *Sir Charles* and your Spou's Play-thing *Astræa* by *Clarinda*. *Clarinda*, zealous for the Death of her present, and impatient to be in the Arms of her future Spouse *Sir Charles*, both which I have promis'd her, solicits me Night and Day. I am in Possession of her Fortune, as well as her Understanding; and if I cannot marry you to Mrs.

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Scuttle, I will prevent the Marriage of *Astrea* with your Rival; that will please you I know. But prithee tell me, for thou art a Riddle more than Magical, how canst thou carry a real and a counterfeit Flame at once in thy Bosom? *Scuttle* is by no means a Beauty.

Ring. No!—is she not worth Three Thousand Pounds a Year in good *Terra Firma* from the Surface to the Centre—hah Girl!—

Join. But the World says she is so affected, her Face, her Voice, her Mien, her Gesture are none of her own.

Ring. Does any body dispute her Title to her House, her Jewels, her Plate, or her Equipage? On these, *Joiner*, and on these only I fix my Imagination, and drive over her Faults into her Estate by the Force of my Fancy only.

Join. And so you expect to carry her—

Ring. By Collusion and Bribery, for even so great Actions are often performed. I hear somebody impatient for your Presence, I take my leave; Madam, your most obedient—

Join. Sir, your Slave.

[Exit Ringwood. *Buisy* running in.]

Buisy and Joiner.

Join. Mrs. *Buisy*, what News with you, my pretty little Envoy?

Buisy. Ah! ah! Madam, I am quite out of Breath with running; I came in at the back Gate to tell you that my Lady will be here presently; are you ready? I am so afraid she shou'd surprize you.

Join. Don't let that trouble you, Child, I am prepar'd; the Marriage shall not go on, it shall

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shall not, I say : She is my Disciple, my Bigot ; she is superstitiously mine ; she has too much Faith in me, to dare or to attempt any thing without my Advice.

Buify. But I am to tell you, Sir *Charles*, her Lover who wou'd marry her, comes with her disguis'd as a Servant ; she has promis'd to make him happy, if he can convince her you are a Cheat ; he is in this Masquerade, to try if you can discover him : Be upon your Guard, I say.

Join. This Information is seasonable ; trust to me, I will break this Match ; and then, dear Mrs. *Buify*, I reserve a Purse big with Fifty Guineas for your sole Use and Emolument.

Buify. Nay, if I were to get nothing by it, I shou'd certainly be against this Match ; for o'my Conscience he wou'd make a very bad Husband : She wou'd never be happy with him, that is certain.

Join. Why, Mrs. *Buify*, without being a Witch, one might foretell some Vexation in Wedlock.

Buify. Nay, there are good Husbands too, if one had time to pick and chuse.

Join. You are resolv'd not to die a Maid, I find.

Buify. He! he! to be sure a good Husband is a very good Thing.

Join. Without doubt——but your Lady does not suspect, I hope, that you and I hold any secret Correspondence ?

Buify. Oh, no, no ; I always talk against you to her ; I always tell her, that whatever you say is only by Accident, and that 'tis only

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by Chance when you hit a Truth. Then she, to convince me, it is not so, tells me all the Particulars of her Life past, upon which she designs to consult you. — Ah she little thinks 'tis by my means you are made so knowing.

Enter Frances.

Fran. Mrs. Buify, your Lady is below.

Buify. Oh! I'll steal away thro' the Back Door; when my Lady comes again, you shall have a faithful Account of all. Adieu.

[Exit Buify.]

Joiner and Frances.

Join. Frances, my faithful Familiar, thou art one of my best Spirits, be careful still and thou shalt want no Encouragement; thy innocent Look and demure Simplicity have been of great Use to us, and shall be of Profit to thee.

Fran. Faith, Madam, it goes a little against the Grain to be always doing Mischief, tho' one gains by it; we deal with the Devil I fear, more than we think we do.

Join. What! Conscience sick, Girl! — A Quail! — They are coming, set your Face and your Eyes to your Part and your Post in a Moment. *[Exit Joiner.]*

Sir Charles and Astræa to Frances; Sir Charles waiting as Astræa's Servant.

Astr. Where is Mrs. Joiner?

Fran. Oh pray, Madam, she desires you will wait a little here, she is very buify.

Astr.

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Astræa. Is any Person with her?

Fran. No, she is lock'd up in her Closet in our black Garret; she has taken the great Book with her and a Glass of Water: I believe she is at Work for you.

Astr. I will attend; let me speak with her first when she is disengaged.

Fran. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit. Frances.*]

Sir Charles and Astræa.

Astræa. Sir Charles, you can't conceive how I am concern'd to see you in this Equipage; if we shou'd be discover'd, what wou'd the World say?

Sir Cha. You have no reason, Madam, to be uneasy on that Account. I was brought in a Hackney Chair to the End of the Court below, I joined you at the Gate, and I will return with the same Caution. It is very true, your Ladyship might have spared me this Disguise, if you had not wholly given up your self to the Artifices of this Mrs. Joiner. What a Medley of idle Tales has she crowded into your Head, only to trick you of your Money.

Astr. Do you really think then that I am her Dupe?

Sir Cha. I am sure you give her Money.

Astr. 'Tis fit People shou'd live by their Trade.

Sir Cha. A fine Diabolical Traffick indeed! what does your delicate Sex mean? Afraid of the Devil, and fond of his Agents: Ah Madam, Curiosity is the Devil, or we had been still in Paradise.

Astr.

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Astr. I grant you, these People are generally Cheats.

Sir Cha. Ignorant Cheats !

Astr. Yet, prithee tell me, *Sir Charles*, what Interest has this Woman in our Affairs? How is she concerned to promote or to hinder our Marriage?

Sir Cha. I know not; some Rival perhaps behind the Curtain,——all is Collusion here. Your Conduct, fair *Astræa*, in this Point is a little mysterious. Your Understanding in every other Particular is as piercing as your Eyes, in this your very Maid *Buify* has more Penetration; she tells you every Day what a silly Creature this *Joiner* is, and how idle it is to give Credit to her Predictions.

Astr. *Buify* is a Fool: *Mrs. Joiner* has told me Things miraculous as to my past Life: *Buify* knows this to be true, but she is an incredulous Dolt.

Sir Cha. Perhaps by Chance she may hit a Circumstance.

Astr. Well, *Sir Charles*, give Credit to her or not as you please: I have told you my Heart is yours; if you think me sincere, you must believe I have more Esteem for you than to make you miserable; this you know she has positively and often foretold. I have intreated her to enquire what sort of Misfortune must attend our Union; if it is an invincible Fatality, we must submit. My Resolution as to our Marriage must depend on this, unless, as you flatter yourself, you can prove her an Impostor.

Sir Cha. You shall have that Satisfaction very soon; ask her some Questions about me, I am sure her Devil does not know me in this Livery.

Astr.

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Astr. She cannot always tell to a Moment, sometimes she takes a Day or two to study a Point.

Sir Cha. True, she must be informed first; when she has found me out in this Masquerade, she will tell I warrant you. - I submit, Madam, I own Mrs. Joiner is a Sybil, the greatest Mistress of her Art that ever appear'd: I am sure she has thrown a Charm over you not to be broke——perhaps not by Demonstration.

Astr. Well, Sir Charles, you have promised to make it appear there is nothing supernatural in what she does, nothing but Tricks that we might all play with the same *Legerdemain*.

Sir Cha. I will labour it strenuously, you may be assured I will.

Astr. Peace——your Distance——I hear her.

Enter Joiner talking to a Servant.

Join. Let your Gold amalgamate with your Mercury, make your Ebullition with Vinegar and *Aegyptian* Nitre.

Serv. The Process goes on as you commanded, Madam,——but the Ladies who wait below.

Join. Conduct them into the little Parlour, I will attend them immediately. [*Exit Servant.*]

Joiner, Astrza and Sir Charles.

Astr. Well! Well! and how, dear Mrs. Joiner, what have you done for me?

Join. Madam, you don't consider your Servant is in the Room; go Friend, your Post is below,
Astr.

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Astr. No, no, he is very honest, I shou'd die to be left alone——Well, what have you for me? I protest I tremble lest it shou'd not be good News; for I own, whatever the Stars may say to the contrary, my Heart is not my own.

Join. I know it, I am sorry for it, you love him;——you must not marry him: It will be his Ruin——Advise him never to marry; all the Signs in the House of Matrimony are retrograde, every Star is malevolent, and of a fiery and adverse Aspect.

Astr. How? What? May not Time alter this Affair? Things do not always happen precisely.

Join. Venture, venture, marry when you please, you will not complain of me, that is all.

Astr. And pray, Mrs. Joiner, what sort of Misfortune will attend this Marriage?

Join. Hatred——Rage——Distraction——Jealousy——Death——.

Astr. You fright me out of my Senses.

Join. He will commit Murther in the Violence of a jealous Fit, and die a legal, but a violent Death.

Astr. A violent Death! No, I will never marry him; that is certain, I never will.

Join. This is not particularly fated to him on his Marriage with you; but let him marry whom and when he will, it must be the same Thing.

Astr. If he marries any other Woman, I shall die with Grief——You say a violent Death: But is this very, very certain, Mrs. Joiner?

Join.

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Join. I must tell you, it is a most dangerous Attempt, to wrest these Secrets from the Womb of Futurity—*Marton*, my Patron *Marton*, the Daemon of Pre-existence—discovered this to me: He has promised me the *Aurum Potabile* of Zoroaster, the *Great Magisterium*, the universal Medicine of *Tresmigistus*; but this World, this flagitious World, is unworthy of it.

Astr. How unhappy! how ill-fated is my Passion? Madam, I have but one Question more, prithee resolve me; What is my Lover now doing, this very Moment?

Join. Nothing extraordinary, I suppose; what all the young Fellows generally do in a Morning.

Astr. Satisfy my Curiosity in this, and I shall more firmly believe the rest.

Join. Send your Servant out of the Room; and you shall see him, see him presently; but summon your Resolution, for I shall first be obliged to raise *Athaniel* and *Tossoffacan*.

Astr. Oh no, by no means, I am dead already with their Names.

Join. It will not be very shocking, a little Resolution will do.

Astr. I thank you; but I will see none of your Spirits, no not for the whole World.

Join. Very well, I will try what I can discover in my Closet, and return immediately.

[Exit Joiner.]

Sir Charles and Astræa.

Astr. Are we out of Ear-shot?

Sir Cha. My Servant waits at that Door; there can be no Eves-dropping. Why would you

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you not let her show her Devil? She must have shuffled awkwardly, or have produced him; and then I would have shaken her Spirit into Flesh and Blood, I warrant you.

Astr. Cou'd you have borne the Sight?

Sir Cha. Why not?

Astr. Aye, but you were to be sent down, I must have seen it alone.

Sir Cha. Is not that a convincing Proof she is an Impostor? You see she is afraid of the Discernment of any thing in Breeches.

Astr. *Sir Charles*, I shall always have a particular Esteem and Friendship for you; but you shall not, for my Sake, be guilty of Murder, and die a violent Death: Oh no, Heaven forbid! Yet you are rash as Gunpowder in your Passion: How does poor *Ringwood*? I never heard of him since you wounded him at *Bath*.

Sir Cha. Recovered, or I should have heard of him, I suppose; but what has that Affair to do with this? This is what is to happen, she says; why do you disturb your self with such idle Tales?

Astr. Are you not satisfied that she speaks Truth?

Sir Cha. Truth! Ha, Ha, Ha!

Astr. Oh, let me intreat you never while you live, let me beg you never to marry.

Sir Cha. What a dreadful Injunction! *Astraea*, prithee reflect, recover thy Understanding.

Astr. I see, I see plainly you will never be convinc'd till the Man lies dead at your Feet; however, I will not be the melancholly Occasion, that is most certain.

Sir

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Sir Cha. I shall lose all Patience ; why must I be criminal, and jealous, and hanged, and all because this impertinent Devil says so ?——oh, Madam, must I be unhappy because she is an Impostor.

Astr. You say she is ignorant, suppose she shou'd discover you now.

Sir Cha. 'Tis impossible.

Astr. But suppose it, I say, will you promise me never to marry ?

Sir Cha. And if she does not, shall we be married immediately ?

Astr. That is not the Thing, her Familiar will not always be commanded.

Sir Cha. Thus it is, you shut your Eyes and catch at every Imposture she throws in your Way.

Astr. Prove her an Impostor——I hear her——your Distance.

Enter Joiner.

Joiner, Astræa, and Sir Charles.

Join. I have News, very strange News, for you indeed.

Astr. Madam !

Join. I have seen your Lover.

Astr. How !

Join. Upon some momentous Project certainly ; he was in a Footman's Habit, and talking earnestly with a Lady.

Astr. Surprizing ! I believe you ; I believe you never did tell me any Thing but Truth.

Join.

Sir

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Join. Their Backs were towards me, so that I cou'd not discover the Features of either of them.

Astr. It is enough, Madam, it is enough; I will ask you no more to Day: I am so confused and affrighted, I hardly know what I say, or do.

Join. When I shall have the Honour to see your Ladyship again, I beg you will not bring a Man Servant with you.

Astr. I have no Spirits left; To-morrow I will see you again Mrs. *Joiner.*

[*Ex. Sir Charles and Astræa.*

Join. alone, Looking after them as they go off.] Ha, ha, she has it; and my tall Boy in Blue there looks a little silly too, methinks.— O Credulity, Credulity, thou Mother of Superstition and Nurse of Ideots, how much do I owe thee?

Enter Spring.

Spring and Joiner.

Spr. Joy, Joy to thee, my *Cleopatra*, the Work flourishes in thy Hand.

Join. Most gloriously; we must be rich, or the World be wise; if you were not so undisciplin'd, we shou'd thrive with Pleasure.

Spr. No, I will mutiny no more; I will be thy most humble and submissive Minister for ever; to thee, my Queen, *Tycho Brache* was a Fumbler, *Erra Pater* an Ass, *Agrippa* a Driveller; and all our Moderns, as *Lilly*, *Gadbury*, *Trotter*, *Parker*, *Partridge*, *Williams*, a Rout of piteous dogmatical Ignorants; who knew nothing of humane Life, or the Springs that move the

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the Passions; that is thy Art; thou knowest in a Man's Face, how much he has a Year.

Join. Right; and let me diet my Patient, I will cure Love as they do a Fever.

Spring. True, our Passions and Affections lie all in our Veins; we may bleed a Hero into a common Man, and lower the Spirits of the most unlimited Ambition, by the Aid only of those Two simple Creatures, Oatmeal and Water. What a Scene have we chose even here, in the very Core of consummate Knowledge and Policy, in *London*, to triumph over the Wisdom of the Wise!

Join. *London*, why Little *London* is the Place in the World for Bubbles! Ay, here are Cul-lies of all sorts, ever flourishing one under another; like hungry Trouts, they all bite again too, tho' they have been hooked a Hundred Times: 'Tis surprizing how they crowd to know of me, as if I were a Privy-Counsellor of Heaven, their future Destinies.— Ridiculous! How is this? Tell me *Spring*? Thou art a Philosopher.

Spring. The Satiety People find in the Present, sends them in eager Pursuit of the Future, (against the Conviction of every Sense) they must inquire what is to come, because they impatiently and unreasonably expect it will be better than what has been: Such is our Nature.

*The Joys possess'd we slight, for Future pant,
And still that Something which we have not, want.*

The End of the First A C T.

C

A C T.

A C T. II.

Joiner and Clarinda.

Join. **M** Adam, your Bounty to me is very great; and if my Ability wou'd rise to my Inclination.

Clar. No, no, Mrs. *Joiner*, do not reckon I have paid you; the Hundred Guineas shall be yours, whether this Marriage be broke or not.

Join. I labour the whole Force of my Art in your Service.

Clar. I know you do, I have my Spies upon *Astraa*; they tell me her Ladyship declares she never will be marry'd. I see plainly this is the Effect of the Charm you promised me.

Join. It is the strongest that ever was prepared, and was composed by the Syre of the Oak; he who first projected the Legerdemain of the Changling: Her Star must be potent indeed, to break the Force of this Magick.

Clar. You transport me! If you hinder Sir *Charles* from marrying her, I am the happiest Creature breathing.

Join. You have my Word, be easy.

Clar. 'Tis a long Time since you promised me my Husband shou'd die; he is very much in Years, and yet he lives still. Sir *Charles* is a very pretty Gentleman; I have loved him, alas, some Years.

Join. Yes— Aye— you will be a Widow in less than a Month.

Clar.

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Clar. Say you so! Then we have no Time to lose; Sir Charles will prefer me to the World when I am a Widow, and have it in my Power to make an honourable Explanation.

Join. Be easy, the Affair is with me; your Business shall be done, depend upon it.

Clar. Spare no Pains, dear Madam; every Thing, my whole Fortune shall be at your Command.

Join. Oh, Madam! do you think one has nothing but sordid Interest in view? You are a fine Lady.

Clar. Oh, Madam!

Join. You are joined to a consumptive, lean, coughing, peevish, paraletick, wither'd, Elder: Duty, Charity, Friendship, common Humanity, all oblige me to break your Fetters, and see you married to your Heart's Desire.

Clar. This is infinitely kind. — Madam, your Servant; I shall wait on you again very soon,

[Exit Clarinda.]

Joiner and Ringwood.

Ring. Hah! my little *Joiner*, my pretty the Confessor of *London*, how goes the World? Does it abound in Fools?

Join. Plenty, thank Heaven, Plenty. But 'tis not your dry, stupid, insipid Fool is fit for my Art to work upon: No, no, give me your wise, thinking, reasoning Fools; these are the Machines I play as I please; these Clients I rejoice in, such as are moulded into Folly by Superstition, the sacred Parent of Cullies, Hobgoblins, Witches, Priestcraft, and Conjurers. Well, Sir, to our Business. How goes on your

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Marriage of Interest with Madam *Scuttle*? Am I to have a Hand in it, or how?

Ring. I have contrived the Matter so she will be here immediately, and I came now to give you Notice. You must know, she believes me to be now in *Scotland*; I think I told you I persuaded her to this, by Confederacy with a near Relation of hers; who told her, that I could not bear the Uneasiness I was under from the many Rivals her Affectation and Vanity created, and that I was resolved to retire from her and the World for ever.

Join. Go on, Sir; but be short, my Time is Gold.

Ring. I understand you; if one considers the Multitude of your Affairs, it may not be improper to refresh your Memory with a new Fee.

[gives her Money.]

Join. Now you're right.— I know not how it is, but this Metall does give a certain Elasticity to the Parts.— Her Relation is your Confederate; you cou'd not bear so many Rivals, and resolv'd to retire from the World?—

Ring. Into *Scotland*.— She fancy'd she play'd the Tyrant very agreeably, and I counterfeited Pains I never felt.

Join. Good!

Ring. The Day I took my leave to go as I pretended, her proud Heart, tho' I found it beat thick, wou'd not stop me.— 'Tis now more than a Fortnight since I have seen her, and I find my Affair goes on much better than when I was every Hour at her Feet.

Join. After the *Parthian* Discipline, you fight flying.— Well, Sir,—

Ring. She has received Letters from a Friend of

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of mine in *Edinburgh*, written in my Hand, and which I transmitted thither for the Purpose; wherein I but coldly complain of her Cruelty. and seem to have more Joy in my Heart, than becomes one she believes so much her Slave.

Join. Very well! this was likely to succeed.

Ring. It has; she has subdued her darling Affection in Favour of a Passion she thinks I feel no more; nay, she is so excessively piqued at, my Absence, that she is ready to take a Voyage to the *Orcades*, to recover the Heart of a Man, for whom she seem'd, when I left her, to have the last Indifference.

Join. Thou art a vain Wretch.

Ring. These Circumstances have obliged her at last, to resolve to inquire of you, or the Devil, or both, how her Affairs go in my Heart: — Now is your Time, if you have any *Coup de Maitre*, show it now.

Join. Does she come alone?

Ring. With a she Friend only, as credulous and as vain as her Ladyship, *Mrs. Greenfinch*.

Join. I have something will do — but you must assist me.

Ring. With my whole Soul, Child — Oh! here is a Picture she gave me when I was in open Favour; look on it; the Features are described very exactly.

Join. She is certainly and firmly persuaded you are not in Town.

Ring. She faithfully believes that I am now in *Scotland*.

Join. You see that large Glass, I prepared it for another Business; you must keep out of Sight when she comes, but when you hear me murmur an Invocation, you shall have a Sign

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from *Francis* to step out and appear directly behind her in the Glass, kissing her Picture: This Mark of your Affection at this Crisis, will be grateful to her.

Ring. But if she turns and discovers me?

Join. Oh hoh! that is my proper Business; remember, and act as I direct.

Ring. Notwithstanding this Giddiness in her Manner, and tho' without your Assistance to ripen this Affair I might dance Attendance on her Vanity these seven Years, she has very good Sense, therefore have a Care.

Join. Confide in me, I will do nothing *mal a propos*.

Enter Francis.

Fran. There are Two young Ladies below wou'd be admitted.

Ring. She is come.

Join. Do you, *Frank*, attend carefully.— Remember the Affair of the Glass.— Let the Ladies come up.— [*Ex. Fran.*]— Withdraw Mr. *Ringwood*, and enter at your Cue.

[*Exit Ringwood.*

Mrs. Scuttle, Mrs. Greenfinch, and Joiner.

[*Fr. waiting.*

Scut. Madam, your Servant.—the Torrent rolls this Way, and we are come with the Flood.

Join. If I have some Credit in the World, I hope, Madam, it is not altogether unjustly merited.

Scut. Oh! 'tis the Mode to visit *Mrs. Joiner*.— Silly enough! Pray, Madam, how many Servants,

The Female Fortune-Teller. 23

Servants, Husbands, Lovers, Children, and Coxcombs, are appointed by the Stars to my Use? May one go abroad on a *Childermass* Day this Year? May one see one's Sweet-heart best on *St. Valentine's* Day, or *St. Agnes* Night? Can one discover a Thief with most Certainty, by Virtue of the Sieve and Shears, or the Key and Psalter?

Join. Your Ladyship is pleasant; if you have any Commands for me, you know my Character.

Scut. I beg your pardon, Mrs. *Joiner*; but this Idea of Fortune-telling carries, in my Imagination, something so superlatively whimsical.

Join. I must be plain, I have no Moments to squander: If you have Business?

Scut. Oh! aye, pray tell me, who are dying for me? Whom do I die for?

Join. Your Ladyship wou'd know of me, if you have any particular Passion.

Scut. Aye, for there are a Thousand pretty Fellows I like, and I would know who is appointed to be the happy Man.

Join. You are a mere Bully in Beauty, and would conquer without engaging.

Scut. That's prettily enough said — But prithee, who am I in Love with? If you know who I am in Love with, Mrs. *Joiner*, you are a wise Woman indeed.

Join. Why so?

Scut. Only because I don't know my self.

Join. I always know a Lady's Mind much better than she does.

Scut. You will be so obliging to discover mine.

Join. You love the Man you seem to neglect,

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lest, and appear passionately fond of the Fellows you detest.

Scut. Very delicate, oraculous and doubtful; be not so dark, dear Madam.

Join. Why, Madam, there is such a Huddle round your Heart, of Equipage, Ceremony, Ribbons, Lap-dogs, Hoops and Lovers, 'tis very difficult to be particular; but I think I see in the very Core of your Heart, a bearded Arrow, mark'd with the Letters ———

Scut. Oh! ——— for Heaven sake!

Join. You wou'd know his Name, yet dare not hear it if I could tell you.

Scut. Pleasant Creature! you really think there is such a Person in the Creation.

Join. Yes, Madam, and as well made a Creature as any in it.

Scut. Hideous! ——— Well ——— his Name?

Join. It is not permitted me to say directly; he is a tall, well-fashion'd Man; his Complexion and his Wig are fair, his Eyes black, and his Nose ———

Scut. Ha, ha, ha; aye, this is some assiduous well dress'd Dangler in my Equipage, that thou fanciest is in my Heart. Must one be in Love with every Wretch that dresses at one, thinkest thou?

Join. This Man is in your Heart, I say he is; you endeavour to forget him, but you think of no Body else.

Scut. I protest you grow impertinent.

Join. You feel my Probe.

Scut. Come, Mrs. Greenfinch, will you go?

Green. Why is your Ladyship in such Haste?

Scut. Ha, ha, this good Woman deals with the Devil, that is certain; know ones Thoughts! ridiculous of all Things!

Join.

The Female Fortune-Teller. 25

Join. Madam, your Servant, I can attend you no longer.

Scut. What! are you going Mrs. Joiner? Lord you have not told one a Syllable.

Join. You belie your own Heart, Madam, and deny the very Truths I reveal — Confess you are in Love; confess it, and I will do what I can to serve you.

Scut. Oh Lud! Oh Lud! —well, what if I am?

Join. You may be happy, if that fantastick Devil, Vanity, does not get the better of your good Genius.

Scut. Well——prithee go on.

Join. Your Lover is a little yellow in his Nature, he is suspicious and uneasy at your Conduct.

Scut. I protest this is intollerable.

Join. You have treated him ill; he is retired to avoid your Tyranny to a very — distant Country Northward.

Scut. Lud, Lud! you fright one out of ones Wits; if Things are thus tho', what can you do for me? Suppose me restless, unhappy; suppose I could not live without this Man; suppose this Gaiety of the Mind is only put on with my Clothes; imagine that my Soul doated on this Fugitive, and that I doubted his Faith, and feared his Professions were only made to my Estate, not to me; have you any Remedy, any Cure for a disorder'd Mind? Is there in Art, in Magick, in the uncommon Workings of Nature, a Medicine to remedy this Evil?

Join. Now you begin to feel my Power, now I can help you.

Scut. Do not amuse me with Words, prove your Art by Deeds, *Join.*

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Join. You are very uneasy to know how, and where he is.

Scut. I confess it.

Join. Wou'd you know this from his own Mouth? I can pronounce Three Words; and he shall drop at your Feet in a Moment.

Scut. I shou'd be pleased to see him, —but—

Join. You pause—— the Sight of this Man cannot be very terrible to you.

Scut. And shall I see no Body but him?

Join. As it happens; if there are more Company with him, they must all appear.

Scut. Do you as you please——I fear I cannot bear it.

Join. Place your self thus, and you, Madam, thus: *Francis*, Take care of that Lady. So, so, stir not, nor turn for your Lives while the Charm is pronouncing, or during the Appearance of the *Genti* in our Magick Glasses——

Conjuro & Confirmo Vos Schamaim, Chaliarchus, Raquiem. [*Ring. enters at some Distance behind the Ladies.*]

The Spirits are obedient, let the Person this Lady wishes most to see, appear. [*They draw*

the Curtain, and Ringwood appears before the Glass behind Mrs. Scuttle; Joiner and Fran. hold the Ladies that they may not turn.]

Scut. Ah! [*Shrieking and starting.*] 'Tis he, 'tis he, 'tis Mr. Ringwood.

Join. Keep your Position, or we are all undone.

Scut. He kisses my Picture, I know it by the Ribbon.

Join. You ought to be satisfied now he loves you.

Scut. He is gone again? [*The Curtain is drawn*] Why wou'd you not let him appear longer?

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Join. It is very often dangerous; you are assured he loves you, that is enough.

Scut. I do not doubt it; dear Madam, you have given Repose and Happiness to my Soul? Is it impossible to recal him from his Solitude and Distance?

Join. Nothing so easy; write to him, he shall come away instantly, he shall take Wing and be with you To-night.

Scut. To-night! Why, it will require some Days before he can receive my Letter.

Join. Leave that to me, I have now upon Duty a Sett of airy Ministers that will Post you Three or Four Hundred Miles in an Instant; you shall have an Answer before you leave the Room.

Scut. An Answer, and so soon! Well, Madam, I will write.

Join. Bring that Table forward—Pen, Ink and Paper in a Moment; now be pleased to write as I dictate, [*To Scuttle Writing.*] Sir, I am uneasy at your Absence, let me know by this Messenger if I am to expect you To-night at my House, *Scuttle.* That's enough, I will seal it within, there is something shocking in the Signature that you cou'd not so well bear. [*Exit Joiner.*]

Greenfinch and Scuttle.

Green. Lud, Madam, if you will believe me, my Blood is as cold, I tremble all over, this Woman terrifies one to Death; what wonderful Things she does?

Scut. I feel such a Mixture of Pain and Pleasure, I am hardly able to bear it; I am out of doubt as to poor Ringwood's Sincerity; but this manner of discovering his Heart kills me.

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Enter Joiner.

Join. Well, Madam, your Billet is gone, and delivered by this Time.

Scutt. So soon!

Join. Yes, Madam, the Porter will be with you in a Moment. I hope, Madam, Things have passed smoothly enough, you have seen nothing that has hurt your Imagination.

Scutt. Indeed the manner of it is a little surprising.

Join. Let me beg you, Madam, never to mention what you have seen; some malevolent People might construe it to my Disadvantage: Oh, my Porter has dispatched; there is your Letter, take it up.

[A Letter drops before Scuttle on the Stage.]

Green. O Lud, Madam, let us be gone, I cannot bear to see Messages brought and sent by the Devil at this rate.

Join. Read it, Madam, read it, nothing can hurt you, the Charm has had its Effect.

Scutt. I vow this is his very Hand-Writing; this is amazing indeed, *[she reads,]* *I take Post this Moment as you command: A Lover's Wings, when they carry him to his adoreable, outstrip the Wind.* Ringwood. I am wholly insensible, my Understanding is totally disarm'd; dear Madam, I thank you for what you have done: I will visit you again when my Spirits and Courage are returned, you shall not lose by the Pains you have taken on my behalf. I hope I need not recommend Secrecy to you in these Affairs.

Join. Oh, Madam!

Green.

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Greenf. Madam, if you shall be at leisure in half an hour, I will most humbly beg the favour of a Word or two in private with you, about Concerns of my own. [Exit Greenfinch.

Join. I will attend you—they are gone in Confusion enough—*Scuttle's* Head is filled with Wonder, and her Heart with Love; never Magick operated better.

Fran You may speak boldly, Madam, she shakes every Limb as she goes down Stairs, and with difficulty supports herself between her Friend and the Balusters.

Enter Ringwood.

Join. to Ring.] Well, Sir, well; What think you of Art Magick now?

Ring. My good Angel, my better Genius, I owe thee my Life, my Happiness, my All; I shall by thy Assistance have Power to support my Gratitude to thee; in the mean Time take this Purse, an Earnest for the future—I see the Affair is finished.

Join. Lose not a Moment, on with your Boots and all your riding Equipage instantly—visit her, take Possession—she is yours—go—[Exit Ringwood.] So, once more I have a Moment to my self—Where is *Spring*?

Enter Spring.

Spring and Joiner.

Spr. Always at your Command.

Join. What new Work is on the Anvil? Are
all

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all our Machines ready, are the Traps in order? The Brazen Head, is it come home from the Guilders; has *Frontly* proved it?

Spr. All, all are ready, my busy intriguing Child of Fortune.—

Join. 'Tis well, then we may go on with Glory.

Spr. But I have discovered a Mine that was just springing under our Feet.

Join. How!

Spring. Sir Charles, our ever vigilant Enemy, provoked by his late ill Success, has sent a Fellow hither to amuse you with Questions, while he takes us unprepared, and ransacks the House to discover our secret Wheels, under the Protection of a Warrant to search for stolen Goods: I have this News but a Minute old from Mrs. *Buffy*, while you were engaged with *Scuttle* and *Ringwood*: what is to be done?

Join. Do you receive the Fellow with the Warrant, keep him employ'd, banter him with any Cant; in the mean while, I shall gain Time to remove every Thing that may be suspected into our private Closet, behind the Wainscot.

—Enter Frances.

Fran. Madam, here is a plain, sober-looking, Citizen-like Man, who desires to speak with you.

Spring. This must be he.

[*Joiner to Frances.*] Send him up to *Spring*, and return to me in a Moment, I must employ you.

[*Exeunt Joiner and Frances.*]

Spring Solus. Now for a Set of inflexible Muscles, and a grim astrological Aspect, to correspond with the Jargon I am to utter.

He

Enter

Enter Quære.

Quære and Spring.

Quære. Sir, I having heard that there is a very wise and learned Woman in this House—

Spring. You might have heard likewise that she is busy; but if my little Art may be of Service ———

Quære. You are her Coadjutor, Sir; very well—I wou'd know——

Spr. First, Sir, what is your Name?

Quære. Peter Quære.

Spr. Given much to Discourse—Aye—

Quære. I have a few Questions relating to Woman and Marriage. Now you must know, that ———

Spr. Sir, Sir, with your leave, there is——

Quære. May I have leave to speak?

Spr. Speak, speak, but in few Words, Discretion in our Discourse, is always praise-worthy; on the contrary, your great Talkers are ever blameable.—Therefore I love brevity; I always take care to be concise in what I say——

Qua. Sir, I shall say little; very little.

Spr. Right, talk little; to talk much shews want of Judgment; now want of Judgment is occasioned by the want of Reason; and want of Reason is the Character of a Brute.

Qua. I have only half a Word.

Spr. True, every Body knows, *volat irrevocabile verbum*; whoever repented his Silence, who has not repented his Loquacity? You know very well, Nature has given Man two Feet, two Eyes, two Hands, two Ears, two Legs, and but one Tongue.

Qua.

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Qua. I say then, dear Doctor——

Spr. *Pythagoras* commanded his Disciples to be silent seven Years.

Qua. I believe——

Spr. *Solon* used to say, A Man who talked much was an empty Hogthead, that makes more Noise than a full one.

Qua. But Sir, Sir——

Spr. *Bias* compared a great Talker to a Fortrefs without Walls, a Town without a Gate, or a Vessel without a Rudder——

Qua. You know then that ——

Spr. *Anaxagoras* declared, a wild Beast was less to be dreaded than an ungovern'd petulant Tongue.

Qua. Sir, Sir, dear Sir——

Spr. *Isocrates* was of Opinion, we had but two Things to do, or rather not to do in this World, To hear, and to be silent.

Qua. Be silent then, for Heaven sake be silent.

Spr. Much Discourse is uselefs, very uselefs, *frustra fit per plura quod potest fieri per pauciora.*

Qua. Why, Sir, I have not utter'd a Word, a Word, a Word.

Spr. I know full well the Use of Speech, it was given us to explain our Thoughts.

Qua. Let me edge in a Particle, a Comma, a Colon, a Tittle only.

Spr. But then we ought to speak in proper Terms, gramatically; let the Adjective agree with the Substantive, the Noun correspond to the Verb, and the Masculine co-operate with the Feminine.

Qua. Why that's my Business; the Masculine with the Feminine, Sir, I desire to know——

Spr. I know what you desire to know, *Omni-bus*

bus hominibus scire a Natura insitum est, says the Prince of Eloquence; but to be willing to know, is one thing, and to know is another; to know, look ye, or not to know, are the only two Things that distinguish Men and Beast, the Nobleman and his Livery, the Tradesman and the Thief, the Stockjobber and the Highwayman, the Butcher and the regular Physician.

Quæ. Oons, what do you mean? Do you think I don't know the Difference.

Spr: Aye, the real Difference between Man and Beast; one is governed by Reason, the other by Instinct. What distinguishes the Stock-jobber and the Highwayman? One robs on the Highway, and the other in great Towns; in like manner the Butcher and the Doctor, the one kills Sick Creatures, the other Sound.

Quæ. Not your Impertinence, shall I hear—

Spr. What wou'd you hear? Philosophy or Rhetorick, the Theory or the Practick, Geometry or Astronomy, Pharmacy or Medicine, the Sphere or Geography, Cosmography or Topography.

Que. No, no, in the Name of *Lucifer*, I ha'no Business with any of these, but I wou'd—

Spr. Perhaps you wou'd hear me discourse of Arts and Sciences; shall I disclose the Powers of the Soul, the Memory, the Intention or the Will; the Influence and Qualities of the Planets fixed and unfixed; of hairy, falling, or flying Meteors; of the Disparity in the several Constitutions, whether Phlegmatick, Sanguine or Melancholick; of the Motions of the Heart, Systolical or Diastolical?

Que. What the Plague have I to do with your Gallymawfrys?

Spr. Shall I read History, sacred or profane;
D phone;

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phane ; shall I begin with the Deluge, or the Judgment of *Paris*, the Misfortunes of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, the Burning of *Troy*, the Wandrings of *Ulysses*, the Travels of *Aeneas*, the Sack of *Carthage*, the Death of *Tarquin*, the Triumphs of *Scipio*, *Catiline's* Conspiracy, the Pass of *Thermopile*, or the Battle of *Marathon* ?

Qua. No, no, no, a Thousand times no ; in Ten thousand Furies Names, I wou'd only know whether the Woman I shall marry will be Black or Brown.

Spr. Why did you not tell me so before ? What the Pox, why you have made me talk here a whole Hour to no purpose.

Qua. Tell you, how cou'd I tell you ? You did not so much as Cough or Spit, you gave me no Opportunity.

Spr. Come on, you wou'd know whether you shall marry a Black or a Brown Woman.

Qua. Yes, Sir, I have spoke, and done.

Spr. Shall I instruct you by the Rules of Astronomy, Prophecy, Chronology, Analogy, Physiognomy, Chimiſtry, Astrology, Hydromancy, Eromancy, Pyromancy, Coscinomancy, Chiromancy, Negromancy——

Qua. Tell me only, and by what hard Name you will.

Sp. Or shall I perform it by Invocation, Imprecation, Indiction, Speculation, Superstition, Interpretation, Conjurat[i]on, Prognostication, Evocation ?

Qua. Quick, quick, and as you will,

Spr. I can do it as well by my Knowledge in Rhetorick, Logick, Physicks, Metaphysicks, Art Magick, Dialectick, Ethick or Therapeutick——

Qua. O'ons you have broke my Brains, my very Brains with hard Words.

Spr.

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Spr. Well then, since all the Sciences are Lands unknown to you, I must tell you our Authors are divided on this Head; some are for the Fair, some for the Brown Woman. The difference in Colour has a great influence on Constitutions and Inclinations; the fair Complexion is ever tender, languishing, amorous; the brown is all Life, Air and Fire; the fair Woman will certainly arm your Forehead with Brow Antlers, and the brown Woman will certainly send you to Heaven if Cuckolds go thither. A learned Poet of Antiquity says, "*Alba ligustra cadunt, Vacinia nigra leguntur*;" another writes thus, "*Hic niger est ore hunc tu Romane caveto*." You see the Question is full of difficulty. I now, even I, who am perfect in all Sciences, do not know yet which way my Judgment will encline——tho' I am never obstinate, never stiff; for in my Opinion the difference between a Man and a Mule——
[*As he is talking on Quære stops his Mouth, Spring breaks from him, and Quære runs off the Stage.*]

Spr. The difference between a Mule and a Man or——ha, ha, the Enemy is fairly Ear-beaten out of the Field; *Victoria, Victoria.*

[*Exit Spring.*]

SCENE *Mrs. Scuttle's House.*

Scuttle, Ringwood, and a Servant.

Ringwood in a riding Habit, booted &c. as from a Journey, a Letter in his Hand.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman at the Door, Madam, who says he must speak with you immediately.

Scut. Who is he?

D 2

Servant

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Serv. He can best tell, Madam, here he is.

Scut. [starting]—Hah! Mr. Ringwood! Oh!

Ring. Don't let the Sight of an old Acquaintance fright you, Madam.

Scut. How came you hither? Speak.

Scut. Post, Madam, Post upon the North Wind.

Scut. Oh Laird, don't talk so when one is frightened to Death already! Who sent for you?

Ring. Your Commands, Madam, which wou'd have raised me from the Center: I have the dear Credentials here in my Hand [Throws the Letter] there, Madam, read 'em, read 'em.

Scut. Ah! no nearer, no nearer; since you you are a Gentleman Ghost, you will not, I presume, give a Lady unnecessary Fears; your Business, speak and vanish,—your Business!

Ring. To consummate, Madam—to consummate.

Scut. Your Assurance is consummate; who brought you this?

Ring. I don't know; about half an Hour ago that Letter dropt in a Gleam of Light on my Table in *Edenborough*, and came to me, I suppose, as I did now to you; your Ladyship, who ordered this, can best describe the Voiture.

Scut. Eh Laird; this Mrs. Joiner is the Devil—that is certain.

Ring. I know nothing of Mrs. Joiner or the Devil, nor to whom I am obliged; but here I am, Madam, take me, take me; come, where are the Parson, the Ring, the Licence and the rest of the pretty Appurtenances that join good People in Wedlock?

Scut. Heigh! canst thou conceive I will be joined in Wedlock with a Ghost? Alas they have stolt him from himself by Art Magick, and it is only the Apparition of Mr. Ringwood.

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Ring. An Apparition!

Scut. Aye; a spiritual Representation only, I have the Vapours most furiously To-day—— and I am only talking now in the Reverie of a Slumber.

Ring. Say you so; nay, then 'tis Time to wake you, and to prove that I am substantial, solid, warm Flesh and Blood, [*Embracing and kissing her warmly.*] Thus let me throw my Arms about thy Neck; thus sink on thy soft, yielding, snowy Bosom, ravish nectarous Kisses from thy Lips, and lose my Senses in extatick Bliss—— Joy! Rapture! Eternity! oh!

Scut. Ah! ah! most incomprehensible Assurance!——the Creature is Flesh and Blood that's certain.

Ring. So then, that Objection is over: Madam, we are in the Hands of Fate, and have not one Moment to lose; I may be hurried away this instant in a Whirlwind, as I was brought hither for ought I know

Scut. Laird! this is the oddest Method of making Love: Pray Sir, what Spirit brought you hither?

Ring. The Spirit of Matrimony, and nothing can lay it but a Parson.

Scut. A Parson! ah, frightful!

Ring. Aye, he shall pronounce a few Magick Words, and conjure us into one another in a Moment.

Scut. Do what you will with me——our Fate is not to be resisted; do what you will with me; but I am in a most terrible Fright.

Ring. Away then, away to the Shop of Matrimony in a Moment.

Scut.——But——will you always love me?

Ring. Most furiously Child, like a Priest in

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private ; for as a learned Poet of Antiquity
sings,

*Your Love does lie
As near and as nigh
Unto my Heart within ;
As my Eye to my Nose,
My Leg to my Hose,
Or my Flesh unto my Skin.*

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T. III.

Sir Charles and Frances.

Sir Cha. **H**OW shall one see Mrs. Joiner?
Fran. Oh me! unless your Affairs are very pressing, she is so busy——

Sir Cha. I will wait a little here, 'tis enough if she is at Home.

Fran. There are Eight or Nine waiting at her Closet Door very impatiently.

Sir Cha. They say she does wonderful Things,

Fran. Oh! aye, very wonderful.

Sir Cha. Is she never out; never mistaken?

Fran. No, never, never.

Sir Cha. How!

Fran. Ask her what you will, she will resolve you, I warrant.

Sir Cha. Then she knows every Thing.

Fran. Yes, every Thing.

Sir Cha. That is to say, Child, she has always some little Pocket Devil about her.: Hah, my pretty one!

Sir Cha. Come, come, there is Half a-piece for thee, speak freely, boldly.

Fran.

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Fran. Oh! Sir, I thank you, I humbly thank you; you are a very fine Gentleman, and I am sure there is no Harm in telling you any Thing— You must know then, when she has any great extraordinary Piece of Magick in Hand, she locks her self up in the black Garret, where she hides all her Instruments, and keeps her *Genii* barr'd up in Salts and Spirits of Wine.

Sir Cha. *Genii* in Spirits of Wine—What Nonsense!

Fran. Nay, it is true, so it is; what, if you wont let one tell you. 'Tis true, she has the *'Varsal Lixar*; yes, and *Pouder of Projection*, and *Oyl of Bones*, that no Body must taste but her self. And she says, she will preserve her self young and hail these 500 Years with that same *Lixar*!

Sir Cha. Well, well, but what does she do in the black Garret, Honey?

Fran. You must know, I peeped through a little Hole and saw her once; first she made a Circle with her enchanting Wand, and then taking three Fern Seeds, she put one into her Mouth, and one into each Ear; after this she mutter'd some hard Words, and hastily ripping up the Bellies of an Owl, a Fox, and a Mole, took out their Hearts and swallow'd 'em, first wrapping them up in three Bay Leaves dried in Moon-shine.

Sir Cha. Pox, what Stuff is here --- go on.

Fran. Then there appeared a great black Cat, as big as three or four House Cats; and this Cat I warrant you danced and galloped on her hind Feet a hundred Times round the Circle.

Sir Cha. And what then?

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Fran. And then vanish'd in a Flame of Fire.

Sir Cha. aside.] This is a subtle one, under the Disguise of Simplicity. — I am banter'd — So, so.

Fran. Oh! aye, and left such a Smell of Fire and Brimstone —

Sir Cha. What is thy Name, Dearee?

Fran. Frances, an it please you.

Sir Cha. Mrs. Frances, I wou'd, not to prejudice your Mistress or you, only out of Curiosity be let into some of your Secrets. I know you, and some of her magical Instruments: Keep your Countenance, Sweeting; Look ye, Ten Guineas can do you no harm; here they are, and shall be yours, if you will discover only how, and in what manner —

Fran. Ah, dear Sir, I wou'd hide nothing from you to be sure, but indeed I am not learn'd enough to be employ'd by her; she does all her Charms by Words, either *Greek* or *Latin*, I suppose — But if you can find any way to make an Interest to her Cat —

Sir Cha. Dem your Subtilty. — I will blow you all up together, Faith I will, [*Aside.*] I will show you such a Piece of Magick —

Fran. Lookee, there is a Lady now just come out of her Closet; ask her if she is not satisfied. I must attend Madam, and let her know what Company waits to be resolv'd their Questions.

[*Exit Frances.*

Enter Clarinda.

Clarinda and Sir Charles.

Clar. Lord Sir Charles, who cou'd have thought to have seen you here; I crossed that Room to find the back Stairs, or I shou'd never have met you.

Sir Cha. And have you discover'd any of her little

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little Artifices? It was with that Design, you may remember, I desired you to visit her.

Clar. 'Tis true, but after what she has told me, I am perfectly satisfy'd; I am convinc'd she has the Assistance of some superior Power, Good or Bad, I cannot say.

Sir Cha. Right, you Ladies run all Head-long into her Toils; it is not, believe me, it is not Mrs. *Joiner's* potent Magick, but your Superstition, Fear, Curiosity, Credulity, that deceive you; these are her Familiars, her most powerful Charms: Thus poor *Astræa* is not only deluded, but tormented with the very Fears she creates.

Clar. *Astræa* has uncommon Merit; and tho' I was for your sake *Sir Charles* very well pleased to hear it was to be a Match between you, and tho' I once believed *Astræa* to blame to put a stop to it upon any Thing *Madam Joiner* had foretold; yet I must confess, I do think now *Astræa* is in the right; and as I have a particular regard for you, this Marriage gives me pain, when I consider with what dreadful Menaces it is attended—And since you must lose her—

Sir Cha. Lose her! There, there is the sharpest Pain I can imagine; No, no, I cannot live without her, and I will lose my Life but I will get over these Obstacles.

Clar. I protest I am a little embarrass'd by what she has said to me; She has affirmed I shall be a Widow. Now there is nothing very surprizing in that; my poor Dear is old, and tho' his Loss wou'd be an unspeakable Affliction to me to be sure, yet there is, you know *Sir*, a certain Order in Nature; he came first, and he must go first; but what is very incomprehensible, she has declared too that I shall marry again, and be very happy. *Sir*

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Sir *Cha.* Observe only, Madam, what inconsistent Tales Mrs. *Joiner* would impose; as thus; If I should have the Honour to marry you, you must be happiest Creature in the World with me, so your Stars have decreed. Now mine, it seems, have decreed me to torment my Wife with base Suspicions, to commit a Murder in jealous Rage, and to die a violent Death; how do these Things agree?

Clar. Yes, Sir, yes, but it is not certain that I shall marry you.

Sir *Cha.* I say, suppose only Madam, my little Merit or your Inclinations did not forbid it,

Clar. Oh Lord, Sir! pardon me, you know it is not by any Means proper as yet, to explain upon that Article.

Sir *Cha.* Madam, I do by no means expect it; I say only, can that fall out, which never will happen? —

Clar. Oh! Sir; — but if you have no Faith, why are you here?

Sir *Cha.* Not to know of her, but to make it appear she knows nothing.

Clar. I wish indeed I do, I wish from my Soul you could think otherwise; I am sure if you marry *Astræa*, you will be most unhappy; Mrs. *Joiner* has told me such Things —

Sir *Cha.* Fear nothing, when your Husband is dead you may remain a Widow as long as you please, the Stars never marry People against their Inclinations; indeed they don't.

Clar. I wish I could think so; however, my Curiosity obliges me to return, to Morrow she has promised me Half an Hour; if she keeps her Word with me, I shall be satisfied she is the greatest Oracle that ever was consulted. — Here is a Lady masqued coming into the Room; she

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She has no mind to be known, nor I neither—
Sir, your Servant. [Exit Clarinda.

*Enter Astræa in another Habit; she unmasks
when Clarinda is gone off.*

Astræa and Sir Charles.

Astr. I fear I have made you wait.

Sir Cha. No, the Lady of this enchanted Castle is giving Audience to eight or nine Bubbles above Stairs, and I have not yet been able to see her: How provoking it is to consider every one you meet is full of her Miracles, and I am as yet so unlucky not to be able to discover one of her Impostures.

Astr. In vain you have employ'd your Friends, your Spies, and your Confederates to counterwork her; you have searched her House to discover her Under-Tools and Machines; what you have done, to any one less incredulous than you, wou'd have been so many Proofs of the Truth of her Profession; you may plainly see how your good Genius labours, if possible, to prevent your Destruction. I entreat you wou'd never expect my Assistance in an Affair so big with Ruin.

Sir Cha. Oh, *Astræa*, if I have any Interest in your Heart.

Astr. The Interest you have there is an invincible Objection to our Marriage, and which I can never get over; what Mark of my Affection can be greater, than to surrender for your sake, I blush when I confess it, the first the only Happiness I have to wish in Life: Oh, be assured I never can consent to see you miserable for my Sake.

Sir Cha. She is, she is a Witch, and has found the means, like the Father of Evil, to turn all my Happiness to my Ruin.

Astr.

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Astr. You see I do every thing you wou'd have me to discover her. I come now by your Direction in this disguise to act a North Country Heiress, married to you, and stoln from a covetous old Father. You see I play my part in every Farce you invent, and all to no purpose I fear.

Sir Cha. She cou'd not examine me so curiously in the Footman's Habit, to know me in this Dress.

Astr. No, no, she did not observe you so nicely; your Perriwig and Cloaths have alter'd you so, 'tis impossible she shou'd know you to be the same.

Joiner to Frances entering.

Join. An Owl—a Fox and a Male—in the innermost Circle.

Fran. Yes, Madam.

Join. Is the Dew and Blood regularly mix'd?

Fran. Yes, Madam.

Join. Very well; squeeze the Livers into an Hexagonal Phial, reiterate the Suffumigations, and dip the Virgin Parchment three times in the Elixir.

Fran. It shall be done—Here is an honest Gentleman, Madam, has attended some time.

Join. I am concern'd I cou'd be here no sooner, but—

Sir Cha. So many People so impatiently expect the Favour, Madam, I account it a particular Happiness to see you now.

Join. I wish I cou'd satisfy every body; People will have it that I know more than I do.

Sir Cha. We come, Madam, full of Confidence in your Ability; the World talks loudly of you as a Worker of Miracles.

Join. Without Ceremony.—Your Business—

Sir

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Sir Cha. I am a Gentleman of a great Family and no Estate, and this is a very good Woman of no Family and a great Estate.

Join. Not unlikely.

Sir Cha. I have stoln her from her Father and married her.

Join. That her Estate might support your Birth, and your Birth give a Lustre to her Estate.

Sir Cha. Exactly so; only her Estate will not come into Hand till the Death of an old four North Country Squire.

Join. An Incumbent Father — go on.

Sir Cha. We wou'd persuade him that laying out his Reversion in good Blood, is much better than adding Dirt to Dirt; and likewise —

Join. Because 'tis necessary you shou'd eat while he lives, you wou'd petition for an Allowance to support the young Couple and a growing Family.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, I see you know every thing perfectly well; have you any Art now, any Charm, any Philter, to sweeten and mollify a hard Father into Indulgence: This is our Business in few Words, and here are Twenty Pieces shall be so many Thanks when your Work is done.

Astr. [*Counterfeiting a North Country Dialect.*] Ah, Wae is me, the Fault of Love is na so great a Fault I ween; and if 'tis a Fault, I fear me muckle I can no repent, for he is a gude Mon, and ligs so close to the Chords of my Heart.

Join. Why, what you desire is not altogether impracticable.

Sir Cha. Oh, Madam, no, the least, the most diminutive Devil you have will do this Business. Come, take your Reteiner, [*gives Money*] now to the Work.

Astr. Ah, Forsooth, an you set my auld Seer and his Bearn to right anon, Ise give you Gold and Silver plenty.

Join.

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Join. Have you written to your Father ?

Astr. Aye, by'r Lady, ha I ; but the auld Mon wo no' read the Epistles, hoo' tears 'em awe into Bits and Scrips.

Join. You have never used the Talisman, Sigils, or the Lamen in this Amour, nor have made any horary Calculations ?

Sir Cha. No, you are the first Professor of this kind that we have consulted

Join. Very well, you shall write to him, you shall ; I have some Paper in my Closet ready prepared ; a small Incantation will finish the Charm.—Aye, this will do, you shall send it to him, it will touch him : It will compleat every Thing you wish.

Astr. Ah my gude Angel, if siker like Thing might hap, Is'e be a deft Lass anon.

Sir Cha. I give you Joy, Madam, I told you this good Gentlewoman wou'd do our Business ; I desire, if it be possible, that you will finish this Charm now.

Join. Sir, you shall have it this very Moment.

[*Going out.*]

Sir Cha. One Word more, Madam, before you go ; tho' as I told you, we marry'd for Love as well as Money, yet as sometimes even those Marriages are not the most happy, be pleas'd to let us know, whether the Felicity we now enjoy, will be continued to us during the rest of our Lives.

[*Joiner looking stedfastly on Sir Charles.*]

Join. Why—I see nothing to the contrary ; I know, and can discover more, much more in the Features of the Face, than by the Lines on the Hand ; if the Lady wou'd do me the Honour to unmasque a Moment.—

Sir Cha. By no means ; hereafter you may see her ;

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her; at present our Circumstances are such —

Join. Very well, Sir, I do not insist upon it.

Sir Cha. When you finish this Paper Charm, can you not contrive it so, that it may inform me, if there is any thing remaining that I wou'd more willingly know than what I have already inquired?

Join. Be easy, leave it to me, I will satisfy you in every Thing. [Exit *Join.*

Sir Charles and Astræa.

Sir Cha. So, Madam, Joy to you, real Joy; this very troublesome, very silly Affair is over at last.

Astr. Can no Body hear or see us? You are too loud in your Transports.

Sir Cha. I told you I always posted my Servants to prevent Eves-dropping. Now, my Love, we will consult a Priest instead of a Conjurer; your sage, Mrs. *Joiner*, you see believes we are marry'd, and yet foresees no Misfortune attending us: Now surely all your Fears are vanish'd.

Astr. When she returns, we shall know more.

Sir Cha. We are to be made happy by Incantment, by a Piece of charmed Paper, an enchanted Epistle. Ha, ha, whimsically impertinent!

Astr. Do not sing *Te Deum* before the Victory; when she has consulted her Familiar—

Sir Cha. Her Familiar, a Domestick Pensionary Devil. — very good.

Astr. She has one, I have reason to know it by a thousand Proofs.

Sir Cha. However, Madam, you promise if she does not discover us now —

Astr. I do, I promise to unmasque before her, to give her all the Confusion her Ignorance merits, and to make you from that Moment intirely Master of me and mine.

Sir Cha. That, Madam, is the utmost Vanity of my Ambition — To your Post, I think

I

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I hear her—— [*To Joiner entering.*] So, Madam, now for our magick Letter.

Enter Joiner,

Join. What do you both mean, in the Name of Truth? This Lady, Sir, hath no Father, was never stolen, was never marry'd; and what is more, you never will marry her.

Astr. Ah weest Heart, let's gang away, the gude Woman speaks muckle Truth.

Sir Cha. Well, I confess, she is not stolen, nor marry'd; but who is she? tell us that.

Join. I did not think it worth my while to inquire, but you may know if you desire it; I will call up the Spirit, and you shall make your Demands in Person.

Sir Cha. Oh by all means, that will be a Novelty indeed; I never saw a Spirit.

Astr. Nea, nea, I beg you, gude Sir, let us gang this Moment, I am ready to swoon at what I have heard already.

Join. It shall be done Sir; and that the Sight may be less surprizing, nothing shall appear but the animated Head of *Albalanecus*; but I beseech you not to discover any Fear: Nothing so much intriges our Ætherial Ministers as Fear. If you should not prove intrepid—I will not answer the Consequence; perhaps it may not be in my Power to govern.

Sir Cha. I warrant you, begin your Invocation.

Astr. Ah, no, no, let us be gone, let us be gone this Moment.

Sir Cha. You see the Lady has not Courage, and that makes you so fearless; give me leave to conduct her to her House, and I will most certainly return in Half an Hour, and be very well pleas'd to see any the most horrid Operation your Magick can perform.

[*Exit. Sir Charles leading Astraea.*
Joiner.

Joiner to Sir Charles, going.

Joiner. My Honour is picqued, Sir, to support every Thing I have said ——— So he is gone; this honest Gentleman will never be satisfied 'till I have made him too believe in my Power; our Success is so great and so constant, I shall at length deceive my self too, and forget I owe all I do to Impudence, Accident, Superstition, and Confederacy. *Mrs. Buify*, you may venture in, now the Coast is clear.

Enter Buify.

Joiner and Buify.

Buify. Well, Madam, did not I come *a propos*, now?

Joiner. If you had staid one Moment longer, I had blown up; this Story of a stol'n Heiress, and I know not what, had overthrown me utterly: I did not observe Sir Charles so well in his Livery as to know him again; you told me you would always come with her; she had no Attendance, was mask'd, and spoke a broad North-Country Dialect; what could I do?

Buify. This Persecutor of yours, Sir Charles, came when I was out of the Way; I just heard they went out together in a Hack, and that she was mask'd; I guess'd this was their Rout, and lost no Time, as you see.

Join. My diligent faithful Girl, thy Reward approaches.

Buify. Nay, nay, this Match is now broke into a Thousand Bits, that is for a certain — I hear some fresh Clients inquiring for you;

E

I must

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I must hasten Home, and receive all this News from my Lady with Surprize. Farewell ; if any thing fresh should be upon the Anvil, you shall hear from me. [Exit Buify.

Enter Ringwood.

Ringwood and Joiner.

Join. *Ringwood!* alive, my Boy ! where hast thou been these Thousand Years ? these two Hours ?

Ring. In the *Potof* of younger Brothers, Honey, upon Matrimonial Affairs, laying out my Person to the best Advantage, and paying it in Purchase of a noble Estate.

Join. And a Wife.

Ring. And a Wife. There is something odd in the Sound of that Word ; but my Constitution is so confirm'd, it does not shock me at all.

Join. Then we are come to Projection.

Ring. My sagacious Nymph ; *Mercury* and *Venus* are in Conjunction, thou hast furnish'd the little Thief with a Picklock to her Heart ; and pretty Mrs. *Scuttle*, and all her worldly Goods, are mine, mine without one Rival Affectation.

Join. So ; you are possess'd of Three Thousand Pounds a Year by my *Legerdemain* ; let me know now what I am to hope for, I, who have been your Master-Key

Ring. Hah ! my Life ! thou shalt circulate in the first Orb ; roll in State among our Quality Planets of the greater Magnitude.

Join.

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Joan. Your Quality Planets are to be despised, not envy'd, Glow-worm Fires, Light without Heat.

Ring. I will furnish thee with Means to keep thee like a pamper'd Prelate's Mistress, the *Nepotism* of the whole Conclave shall burn their Eyes with Envy; thy Food shall be the Toil and Bloom of cultivated Nature; thou shalt out-blaze the Day in Jewels wou'd make a *Persian* Empress pale with Envy, and blind with Lustre, the Purchase of Provinces; thou shalt be robed like a Sultana Queen, and flatter'd like her Monarch.

Joan. Ridiculous Creature!

Ring. In short, I will settle a Hundred Pounds a Year upon thee for Life.

Joan. Oh terrible! you clapp'd your Pinions to your Sides there, and stoop'd at once from Heav'n to Earth — Hum — there is not such a Bubble in Nature as Matrimony; poor Women purchase their lawful Pleasures at a much dearer Rate than Rakes do their Vices — If you were cool now, I have Business for you — but you are so sublimated.

Ring. Aye, seal, seal me down Hermetically, or I evaporate. Joy, common Joy, is talkative and noisy, but mine ineffable, seraphick, silly, and sweet, as the dying Notes of Lovers in the extatick Moment. Do you know now to what an incredible Heighth this has rais'd your Reputation? Sir *Charles* only, like an obstinate Heretick —

Joan. Aye, I am piqu'd at his Opposition; but he shall only polish, what he hopes to break; the Lustre of the Diamond is produc'd by Resistance — Will you — you shall

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give me your Assistance ——— I demand it of you ?

Ring. In what ? ———

Join. Sir *Charles* knows not that you are in Town, or recover'd of your Wounds.

Ring. Neither ; you injoin'd me not to be seen by him, or his, and I have obey'd you.

Join. Well then — Wou'd you assist —

Ring. I assist ? how ! in what !

Join. Since his last Disappointment here with *Astræa*, your adorable *Astræa*.

Ring. Why, aye, she was in my Heart, she is there still ; I feel her now, your Breath blows the Fire ; ——— no matter, this Matrimonial Business shall drive her out. What wou'd you attempt ?

Join. To take Sir *Charles* in at last ; to make him our Bigot, wou'd be a Master-piece indeed.

Ring. Go on ———

Join. He has a great Inclination, and will be here immediately to see one of my Devils, as he calls 'em ———

Ring. And you wou'd have me clap on a Pair of Horns and a Tail, and act one of 'em.

Join. Not so ; but if you will consent to have your Face meal'd a little, and to be rais'd through the back Trap in this Parlour for a Moment only, I wou'd so alarm and terrify this impertinent Inquisitor, he shou'd shake at my very Name hereafter.

Ring. Look'ye, Mrs. *Joiner*, there is such a Thing as Honour ; now a Ghost is a little below the Character of a Gentleman : Besides, it will soon be discover'd ; and your Reputation is so great ———

Join.

Join. So great ; I must decamp from this Part of the World, and suddenly ; so that is not in the Question — I shall have the Pleasure to amaze, to confound him, to show this haughty wise Man my victorious Power.

Ring. I will indulge your Pride — I have consider'd it, and found a Way to prevent any Mischief that might attend his Resentment : You are only to take care that we are not blown up in Projection.

Join. Leave that to me ; *Frances* and *Spring* are both prepared to give you full Instructions. I expect *Sir Charles* every Moment ; be ready, away, away. [Exit Ringwood.]

Joiner, alone.] What a Whirl of Affairs am I engaged in ? No Boatswain in a Storm, no Politician in a Plot, no Taylor on a Birth-day, has half the Business that crowds my Pericranium.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Sir Charles Miremont*, Madam, desires Admittance.

Join. Aye, the Heroe of my Romance — Wait on him up.

Serv. He has follow'd me, Madam, he is here.

Enter Sir Charles.

Joiner, Sir Charles.

Join. So, Sir, how is it now ? are you intrepid and incredulous still, or do your Fears and your Faith increase ?

Sir Cha. Not at all ; my Heart and my Reason remain unmov'd, I fear neither thee nor

thy pretended Master ; you both assume the Powers you have not , you act with our Passions ; and he only who fears you feels you.

Join. Is there no Mean between too easy a Credulity, and too stubborn an Unbelief ?

Sir Cha. None, none at all in this Case.

Join. You are wond'rous brave, Sir, but we shall try your Spirit.

Sir Cha. I shall try yours ; 'tis all Illusion, the Theory dark, the Principles wild, and the Events uncertain : Those Predictions must be very infallible which proceed from the Father of Lies.

Join. Why not ? Error is the Child of Truth ; if there had been no Paths, who could have gone astray ? the Good I do is plain, the Evil undetermin'd ; I prefer Men in Imagination who want Merit in Reality ; I sooth the desiring Lovers Wishes, comfort the Weakness of old Age, and lull the Cares of young Wives : I am the Whetstone of Ambition, the Opiate of Affliction, and the Nurse of Hope : This you must give me ; tho' I shou'd be an Impostor, this is Truth.

Sir Cha. Go on, go on, deceive those who are inclined to be deceived ; you and I understand one another perfectly well ; you have surpris'd me, I confess it ; the North-Country Lady was not my Wife ; our Design was to deceive you, and your Discovery has astonish'd me more than if you had produced your Familiar in *puris Spiritibus*.

Join. No, Sir, no, that Sight would have loosen'd every Nerve, and shook you into Atoms.

Sir

Sir *Cha.* Pr'ythee no more of these idle Tales, leave those to the Fools who believe in them : I know human Nature ; I have my Secrets as well as you ; the Lady who was here with me, is a Gentleman's Wife whom I prevailed with to act that Part to betray you ; I did not succeed ; but pr'ythee, dear *Joiner*, tell me, how came you to be let in to our Design ?

Join. By the same Means that I now know whether you speak Truth or not.

Sir *Cha.* This doubtful Jargon still ; mechanical and low ! thou art a Woman of Spirit and Subtilty, let us converse freely, I approve thy Art, I applaud it, make thy Profit of the Follies and Fears of the *Canaille* ; 'tis a solid, unperishable Inheritance ; Mankind are all masqued like thee, and deceive one another ; they subsist on mutual Fraud ; but let thou and I, and the more elegant and refined Spirits act together on nobler Principles, and avow among our selves those Truths we conceal from the prophane Vulgar.

Join. Suppose it thus ; what Reason have I, but from your constant Persecutions, to stand unarmed before you ; you cajole me still as if you thought me a Cheat, and wou'd conquer my Wisdom by flattering my Pride : But, Sir, to cut you short, know, I am no Impostor, and am above practising the little Arts you mention.

Sir *Cha.* Come, come ; it must be thus, let this little Spirit plead for me in form of Money ; [*Offers her a Purse*] this is a Familiar, does much in the World : I will pay you as well as the most superstitious Bigot under

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your Command: Besides, I will be faithful, very faithful — and I know —

Foin. Away with your Dirt, I despise it: No Sir, I do nothing by Fraud or Corruption; you came hither at this time to see something more than natural; I promised to satisfy your Curiosity, and I will keep my Word.

Sir Cha. You see I wou'd be your Friend, but you oblige me to ruin what I would esteem; do not let me undeceive you and my self by Force — Punishment will follow.

Foin. You insult me, Sir; perhaps it may not be to your Advantage; I have no Intention to deceive you, you shall find it: Call up all your Courage — I begin my Charm.

Sir Cha. Silence your own Fears, my Heart is firm.

Foin. I intreat you, Sir, to think a little whether you can bear it without Emotion: My Intention is to convince, not to hurt you.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha, ha, do you hesitate — Aye, we are on the Point of Conviction: You have raised a Devil you won't easily lay, go on — go on.

Foin. As you value your Health, disturb not the Incantation. [*Joiner takes her Wand, appears in Agitation, describes a Circle, hastily throws her Eyes up and down in a wild Manner, and then pronounces the following Cant.*] *Conjuro & Confirmo Vos Schamael, Athaniel, Chaliarchus, Raquiem, Alchocodonean, Tapthatar, Tossiffacan, Hamagulier; Zonthonphancia, Heydonia.*

[*After this Thunder and Lightning.*

Sir

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Sir Cha. Thou art very profuse of thy Theatrical Artillery, and very lavish of thy rosen *Foiner*; thy Face is inflamed, and thy Mouth foams like a jaded Hack.

Foin. Co-operate with me in this great Work, ye Spirits, Dæmons, Familiars, Pugs, Ghosts, Shadows, ye Deputy Lieutenants and Ministers of the Prince of the Air: You who inspired *Medæa*, *Circe*, and the whole Sisterhood of the *Sybils*; You who inform'd *Zoroaster* the *Bactrian*, and inlighten'd *Agrippa* from the *Genius* of *Nostrodamus* to the *Dæmon* of *Mascon* and the Drummer of *Tedsworth*: So — the Day diminishes, the pale Moon will with her Influence aid our Magick.

[The Stage is darken'd, a Moon and Stars appear at Distance; Italian Shadows pass cross a flat Scene in Front of the Stage.]

Sir Cha. Ha! very entertaining, faith; Hark'ye, *Foiner*, don't put out the Light behind your Carcenet *Cynthia* there as you have done the rest: If you do, I shall feel for some of you with my Sword; I will have no foul Play.

[Sir Charles draws.]

Foin. You interrupt me; I mean no foul Play; if your Heart sinks, you may leave my House this Moment, I will conduct you to the Door in Safety.

Sir Cha. By no means, juggle on; play your Tricks thro' if they are not all over; remember only I am upon my Guard.

[Thunder again.]

Foin. Hah! the *Genii* work, our Charm is on its *Crisis* — He comes, he rises, now let your Blood flow temperately — now.

[Ringwood]

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[Ringwood rises thro' the back Trap in his Shirt to the Waste, his Shirt bloody, and a drawn Sword in his Hand: Sir Charles starts back, and appears in Confusion.

See! thou hast forced this silent injured Shade from his Dormitory; behold, Sir, Vengeance sleeps not in the Grave: Since thy vain Curiosity has urged this Inquiry, now see and feel, and fear my Power: Hah! doest thou shake? 'Tis as the Air invisible again; the Work is done. Well, Sir, how do you now?

[Ringwood sinks and disappears.

Sir Cha. Amazement! Horror! how has she thus confounded all my Senses? They say these Creatures have the Power to impose upon the Sight, and make Things appear quite different from the material Forms they wear at other Times: — I know not what, or how to think; this only am I sure of; my Spirits are irregular; my Blood is chil'd; my Hair erect: Coldness and Death invade me. — Hadst thou produced the Devil, I had been prepared; but this Illusion has unmann'd me — Give me to know, thou Sorceress; [*seizing her*] for I will know tho' Death ensues, whence hast thou conjur'd up this horrid Phantom?

Foin. No Violence, Sir, 'twill hurt your self believe me; I knew no more than you what would arise; if any thing in this Appearance particularly relates to you, you best can tell; the Words I utter'd when it rose, were not my own — a cold Dew stands on your Brow; your Nerves tremble; — you see, Sir, I am a terrible Impostor at least.

Sir Cha. Let me reflect a Moment: Hah! Ringwood! it was his Form the Vision wore;

is

is he dead? They told me his Wound was not dangerous; this Woman and her Devil say the contrary—It is, it is Delusion all; it must be so, but 'tis a damn'd one—it is amazing! and would stagger the coolest Reason.—

Join.—Oh, do you own it then?

Sir Cha.—Own what? thou impious Hag.

Join. Your Conviction, my angry Sir; you ungratefully deny in Words what your trembling Flesh in every Article confesses—Go, Sir, return to *Astræa*—tell her how bravely you succeeded here, laugh at this Impostor, this false Intelligence; Aye, laugh with her now at her credulous Folly.

Sir Cha. You triumph, Madam:—You have Reason, I own it: Well, *Joiner*, the Difficulty I find in seeing the Wires that play your Puppets, obliges me to own your Art is wonderful: Forgive me my Passion—thou art a Prodigy; I give over the Thought of all Opposition— if I cou'd merit your Credit so far only, to know in what Manner you throw these delusive Images before our Eyes.

Join. Ha, ha, ha, you are too great a Sceptick to prove an Adept; were I an Impostor, I must be a weak one, indeed, to trust you: Think as you will, Sir, act as you will; demand farther and stronger Proofs of my Skill and Power, you shall have 'em: My Operations, you see, rise above your little malicious Artifices; I have indulged my Pride: I own it; I have wrested from your amazed and shaking Soul the greatest Conviction I desired.

Sir Cha. Produce this Apparation once again.

Join.

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Join. That is not in my Power.

Sir Cha. I will pay you well.

Joiner. I have refused your Money already.

Sir Cha. To satisfy, to confirm, to make me perfectly, wholly your Bigot.

Join. I am not fond of the Purchase.

Sir Cha. Expect then to hear from me.

Join. Ha, ha, what in Wrath again?

Sir Cha. If there is any Law against Thieves, Bawds, Conjurors, or Cut-purses, thou Complication of all Mischiefs, I will drive such a Bolt of Thunder thro' thy House, shall dispossess thee of all thy Devils with a Vengeance.

Join. Do thy worst; I dare thee, do it; thou art a Hawk not to be tamed with Watching.

Sir Cha. Yes, if you are possess'd, I will shake you into Shivers — Fare you well.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

Ringwood and Joiner.

Join. Ha, ha, ha, he is shaken, my dear *Ringwood*; this Man of Depth and Inquiry; he is shaken; his Reason, like an ill-managed Horse, starts under him: What is this haughty Guide of imperious Man, this sufficient Word, *Wisdom*.

Ring. It is the Philosopher's Rattle, the Statesman's Face, and the Woman's Virtue, the Cully of our Passions, and the Nurse of our Pride; Love laughs at it, Avarice starves it, Joy contemns it, and Superstition blinds it: 'Tis a dumb Preacher, a blind Painter,
and

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and a deaf Musician: In a Word, 'tis Chastity in Age, and Insensibility in Youth.

Join. 'Tis Solemnity in Asses, and Austerity in Owls; 'tis Love, 'tis Interest, 'tis Folly in Sir Charles here:— Say my Boy, my golden Boy of Fortune, did I not play my Part well?

Ring. Did I not set my Muscles in Method, and stare most Theatrically dreadful? But say, what Benefit is to arise from this?

Join. The Satisfaction of my Pride: I must disappear to Morrow; I am not wealthy enough to go unpunished for Fraud; the virtuous Rich threaten to hang me for my Industry.

Ring. Well; now I have executed your Commands, my dear Joiner, I must attend my Wife; my Wife! aye, how sober and methodical a Sound that Word has?

Join. Poor Scuttle! Don't you now, like a very Tyrant Husband, misuse your Benefactress.

Ring. No, I will dissemble an Affection at least; the common Civility in use to Women is almost as cruel as Sincerity would be; but her Fortune, her Gold, Child, will smooth the Rubs, and mend the miry Ways of Matrimony.

*Who in the heavy Tracks of Marriage ventures,
Shou'd oil his Wheels, with Rentals and Debentures;*

*Let a gay Chariot ease the Nuptial Load,
And Six good Horses tug him thro' the Road.*

End of the Third A C T.

ACT IV.

Ringwood and Sir Charles, meeting.

Ring. **M**Y dear Sir Charles.
Sir Cha. Hah! *Ringwood!* alive!
 and in *London*.

Ring. What do you take me for the Ghost
 only of an old Acquaintance?

Sir Cha. Aye, and if my Understanding
 would be bubbled by my Eyes, I would swear
 it to.

Ring. Ha! ha! And good Sir, what has
 set your Reason and your Sight at Variance?

Sir Cha. You, the Devil, Mrs. Joiner, and
 her Imps.

Ring. A terrible Confederacy: — And I
 pray, Sir, Who is Mrs. Joiner?

Sir Cha. Your False Key, your Picklock;
 ye are a Pair of loaded Dice.

Ring. But who is this Mrs. Joiner, dear Sir
 Charles?

Sir Cha. The Lady of that House from
 whence you came just now.

Ring. Aye, Sir, How!

Sir Cha. Aye, Sir, 'tis ungenerous; Had you
 no other Way to *Astrea's* Heart, when you
 cou'd not win her by your Sword; it was a
 pitiful and low Artifice to call in a Sham Devil
 to your Aid; to act in Collusion with a Jug-
 gler: 'Tis a Character beneath a Gentleman
 and a Soldier.

Ring.

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Ring. Ha ! ha ! ha ! You are most unseasonably grave.

Sir Cha. You are merry too out of Time, as you shall see; [*drawing*] Come, Sir, you shall have fair Play once again for your Life; and I think that is something more than you merit from me— Draw.—

Ring. No, no, I cannot do that by any Intreaty.

Sir Cha. — Sir !

Ring. This Person you see here is none of mine ; I have made a Bargain and Sale of it : Now if you have any thing to say to this Flesh and Blood that was mine ; why, you must treat with the Purchaser.

Sir Cha. Trifler — the Purchaser ! What do you mean ?

Ring. Faith 'tis true, Mrs. *Scuttle* has bought me at the Price of Three Thousand Pounds a Year — We were married this Morning.

Sir Cha. How !

Ring. Aye ; so my Hopes of *Astrea* are gone ; you may be easy on that Head.

Sir Cha. This does not repair the Injury you have done me — Draw Sir, — or —

Ring. Look'ye, Sir *Charles*, you and I have had enough of this very silly Diversion already ; a Man's Soul you know slips in a Moment thro' the least Hole in his Lungs ; I have a good deal of Pleasure yet to come ; and in order to that, the Flesh and the Spirit must co-operate ; so I am determined to keep 'em together as long as I can.

Sir Cha. — But Sir ———

Ring. But, Sir, put up your Sword and your Anger, and hear me with Temper, you shall

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shall have Satisfaction— I came with a Design to discover the Frauds of *Joiner* to you ; she has been of Use to me, as you see ; she prevailed upon me, with Reluctance, to act a Part in her last Stratagem, to surprise you : *Astræa* shall have it under my Hand if she pleases, and both of you be made easy. The Man of Honour, and the Friend, shall amply repair all you may have suffer'd from the Impostor and the Lover.

Sir *Cha.* Aye, now you talk Reason— but how came you to act ?

Ring. *Bagatelle*, my dear Boy, no more Examination, have you any Commands for me in this Business of yours with *Joiner* ?

Sir *Cha.* I have, if I cou'd triumph over this white Witch in her own Way, so that her Confession might be extorted from her Fears, without Aid from the Civil Power ; without Form of Law——

Ring. Aye, could you contrive that, and make me an Instrument, you shall see I will act with as much Zeal in your Service as I did in my own.

Sir *Cha.* That is true, it shall be so, as you raised this evil Spirit, you shall help me to exorcise it.

Ring. With my whole Soul, my Boy.

Sir *Cha.* *Joiner* has just now summoned *Astræa* to consult her brazen Oracle, the Head of *Albalanecus*, as she calls it ; I know not whether I shall attend her thither or no, but so soon as ever that Affair is over, *Astræa* shall give her an Invitation to her House, upon important Business ; when she is there, her Machines will be of no Use to her ; you shall
drink

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drink Tea with me at *Astræa's* House ; I will place you there in such a Situation that — Hold ! there are more Fools knocking at *Joiner's* Door ; we may be observed : This way a little, and I will open to you my whole Design.

[*Ex. Sir Charles and Ringwood.*]

Scene changes to Joiner's House.

Spring, Clarinda, Chloe.

Spring. Very well Madam — You are come, you say, to view the sage and animated Head of the wise *Albalanècus* ; Mrs. *Joiner* has invited *Astræa* too, and she has the Liberty of bringing what more Company she pleases.

Clar. Eh Lud ! and may I converse with this Head ?

Spring. 'Tis a Favour Madam, and the greatest our Art can bestow.

Clar. But may I not ask a Question or two in private first, before the Company comes ?

Spring. I will give the Sign, you shall be oblig'd immediately, tho' he generally divulges his Oracles in Publick.

[*Spring makes a Sign, the Scene draws, and the Head is discovered on a Table fixed over a Trap, &c.*]

Now, Madam, ask, and you shall be resolv'd.

Clar. Eh ! I am half dead with Fear ; *Chloe*, you naughty thing, why did you not prevent my coming hither ?

F

Spring.

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Spring. Recollect your self fair one, ask with Courage : You shall be satisfied in every Demand.

Chloe. I hope, Sir, I may have leave to put in a Word or two in my Turn.

Spring. Don't cover your Eyes Madam, 'tis not so terrible a *Dæmon* as you conceive ; ask with Assurance, what Questions you please ; but first you must touch it in Token of Amity ; nearer Madam, nearer, — so — give me your Hand, I will assist you, — so — [Spring seizes her Hand, she touches the Head, and retires in Haste and Confusion.

Clar. speaks trembling, &c.] Pray Sir, will you be so good to inform me, Will my Husband dye ?—

Head. ——— Certainly.

Clar. ——— Before me ?

Head. ——— Doubtful.

Clar. Shall I marry Sir *Charles* ; pray tell me if ever I shall be so happy hereafter ?

Head. ——— If ever, hereafter.

Chloe. This should be the Head of a Lawyer by his Ambiguity.

Clar. But pray, Sir, satisfy my Curiosity ? a Woman's Curiosity you know is ———

Head. ——— Not to be satisfied.

Clar. But I say, Sir, when my Husband is dead, supposing I should survive him, say directly, will this Gentleman marry me, or not ?

Head. ——— Or not.

Clar. Eh Laird, this is provoking: Pray Answer directly, will my Husband dye before me ?

Head. ——— In your Presence ?

Clar. No, no, you know he should dye first according to the Course of ———

Head.

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Head. ——— Your Inclinations.

Clar. No, dear Sir, according to the Course of Nature, which of us will dye first?

Head. ——— One of you.

Clar. ——— really!

Head. ——— Or both together.

Chloe. There is no intrapping this Head in a direct Lye; but he equivocates abominably.

Clar. Mr. Head! Eh! — I have a criminal Amour.

Head. ——— Very likely.

Clar. Eh! I own this ought to have been a Secret, but I am —

Head. ——— A Woman.

Clar. Most unfortunately curious, and have a mind to know —

Head. ——— Man.

Clar. Leard! I profess this is extreamly ill bred, very rude.

Spring. You are to remember, Madam, he is a Sprigg of the old *Pythian God*; he came originally from a Desert, and retains yet a little of his uncouth *Lybian* Rusticity.

Clar. I thought he had been more of a Gentleman; I will try him again, Sir, — will you be pleased to give me a determinate certain Reply to one Interrogation positively?

Head. ——— Positively?

Clar. Does Sir Charles love any Person in the World better than me?

Head. ——— Indisputably.

Clar. ——— Who?

Head. ——— Sir Charles.

Clar. Crying] Was ever any Gentlewoman thus used? the Canker rot his brazen Frontispiece.

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Spring. — Dear Madam no hard Words; we are all in his Power.

Clar. Let me go, I will be gone, you are in Confederacy to abuse me; Come *Chloe* — I am sure I don't know that I have done any thing to affront the Gentleman — A Brute! Eh!

Chloe. Lord, Madam, you won't go yet, I have a thousand Questions; I warrant you he will answer me with Civility enough.

Spring. Stay a Moment, Madam, he may recover his Temper

Chloe. — Mr. What-de-cillum, I intreat one Word; Pray can you inform me whether that Affair between our Coachman and Mrs. *Betty* will go on, because after what has happened you must know, I have no Notion of it; 'tis true the Child is at Nurse, the Affair is hushed up, and my Lady every Body is sensible winks at the thing; because *John* drives very well, and is her Favourite — Now after all if I thought the Fellow could be such a Nincumpoop, to marry a Woman, who as one may say is really no better than she should be; why I should dispise him of all Things; for *Will.* the Butler told me in the Pantry the other Day very seriously; Mrs. *Chloe*, says he, if this had been her first Affair, says he, I should not wonder; for Love and Hunger will break thro' Stone Walls as they say — Now *Will.* you must know, as *Sarah Harris* told me, had a sort of a sneaking Kindness for the Girl himself, so that —

Spring. Take her off, she will deafen the Machine — a Chambermaid's Tongue is —

Head. — A perpetual Motion.

Spring.

Spring. See the Sweat distils thro' his very Brazen Pores with Passion

Chloe. A proud Puppy! what, I have talked with as good as he before now, to be sure I have.

Clar. Peace *Chloe*, Peace, here is Company coming.

Sir Charles, Astræa, Clarinda, Buify, Joiner.

Sir Cha. Hey day! what have we here! the *Delphic* Oracle revived; and Lo! the Mistress of the Motion: What new *Hocus Pocus* have we here, Madam?

Join. I did not expect you again, and so soon, *Sir Charles.*

Sir Char. My dear *Joiner*, I cannot live without thee; it seems this Lady had a private Summons, and she has taken the Liberty to make me her Friend.

Astræa. Oh Mrs. *Joiner*, *Sir Charles* is astonished, tho' he is not convinced; I humbly hope it is not criminal or dangerous for either of us to converse together.

Sir Cha. I see Madam you have erected your own Statue here; come the good Company is impatient, let your Brazen Head begin.

Join. — Range your selves on each Side, and inquire in order.

Sir Cha. — Will he talk any Language?

Join. — That he understands —

Spring: Approach him, touch him; He is material Brafs, Fortune adopts his Children: He is the Orator's Eloquence, the Soldier's Courage, the Malefactor's Sanctuary, the Lawyer's Reason, the Buckler of Policy, and the Rudder of Love.

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Buify. — Good lack, he is a very fine Gentleman to be sure.

Sir Cha. Well Sir, and what are you?

Head. ——— A Brazen Head.

Sir Char. What do you profess?

Head. ——— Truth.

Sir Char. Will Fortune smile upon me?

Head. ——— Never.

Sir Char. ——— Why?

Head. ——— You despise her.

Sir Char. Fortune may be despised by Virtue, but she is pinion'd by Wisdom and ———

Head. ——— Ravish'd by Knavery.

Sir Cha. What must I do to be a great Man?

Head. ——— Be a little one.

Sir Cha. ——— How!

Head. Sacrifice Health, Peace, Honour, Conscience.

Sir Cha. Great Men then are not virtuous?

Head. ——— not in History.

Astr. To me, *Sir Charles* ——— *Mr. Head,* how shall I see my self?

Head. ——— In the Glass of Truth.

Astr. ——— What is Truth?

Head. ——— Opinion.

Astr. ——— Courage?

Head. ——— Custom.

Astr. ——— Love?

Head. ——— Constitution.

Astr. ——— Marriage?

Head. ——— A Man-Trap.

Sir Cha. Can'st thou prophesy, my Picture of Modesty, look into the Womb of Time, and see ancient Causes, setting the Seed of Action; unfold, say, how will things happen in the World?

Head.

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Head. ——— By Accident.

Sir Cha. Peremptory! ——— be particular.

Head. When Advice of Friends and Flatterers shall differ, when Cunning shall be called Wisdom, and Avarice Publick Spirit, when Tradesmen and Politicians shall shew their Ware by false Lights, when Children shall not know their Parents, nor Parents their Children, when Fornicators multiply, and Cuckolds increase ———

Sir Cha. What then?

Head. Then Things will go just as they do, and the next Ceneration be the Issue of this.

Sir Cha. These are Discoveries indeed; when will the World be honest?

Head. When the Flux of Matter shall cease, and Yesterday return.

Sir Cha. A Moralist in Bronze, Impudence and Ethicks; I have a strong Inclination to view the Brain of old Tell-truth — to see his Inside ——— by your leave Mr. Head —

Sir Charles takes the Head from the Table, and examines it, then overturns the Table and searches]

Foin. Ha, ha, ha, how unfortunate is your Curiosity? What have you found!

Sir Cha. A Brazen Head, an empty Void; Characters that distinguish thee.

Foin. You stand out Heroically against the Conviction of Sense.

Sir Cha. I may know a Juggler, tho' I cannot play his Tricks.

Foin. Your Senses are the proper Evidences of Fact.

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Sir Cha. When they are abused, my Reason must conduct them.

Join. — And what conducts your Reason?

Sir Cha. — Judgment.

Join. That is the same thing, and very often errs; we frequently compare like Madmen, and reason right from wrong Principles.

Sir Cha. Your Principle is downright Idiotism; the Foundation, Folly; the Superstructure, Credulity.

Join. Think so still, but know ungrateful Man it was in my Power, and lately too, to scatter you around the Air in Atoms, to blow you thro' every Element, to inclose you in the Centre, to imprison you in a Vegetable, or constipate your Form in *Materia Soliditatis*: And this only by Virtue of the Chymick Tree; that Gold which restores natural Bodies from the Portal of Hell, refits the Springs of Life, demurrs to Death, and lengthens Time into Eternity.

Sir Cha. Still the same illustrious, glorious Joiner.

Astr. Shall I have the the favour of seeing you an Hour hence at my House, there I will pay you my Thanks for your many and faithful Services; Sir Charles, your Hand —

Join. — I will attend your Ladyship.

Sir Cha. Joiner farewell — I admire, faith I do, both thy Art and thy Industry, I doat on thee; the Fables of the Antients, *Medæa's* Kettle, *Circe's* Transformation, *Jason's* Fleece and *Midas's* Wish, are Poetical Visions only, or at best but idle or obscure Allegories.

Thy

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Thy Genius soars above those Tales of Old,
And turns a subtle, Iron Age to Gold.

[*Exeunt all but Spring.*

Enter Apwigeon.

Apwigeon to Frances, entering.

Apwig. Why then, if Mrs. *Foimer* is not in the Way, hur wou'd speak with Doctor *Spring*, Look'ye.

Spring. I own that Name, Sir.

Ap. Tear Sir, hur is hur most opedient and devoted Servant.

Spring. Your Commands, good Sir.

Ap. Hur is marry'd, Heaven pardon our Sins! if hur had committed Murthers instead of Matrimonies, hur had been tischarg'd of all hur Passions, and Heartpeatings, and conjugal Tisputations, doe ye see.

Spring. Sir, there may be a Remedy.

Ap. The Laws doe provide, Look'ye, Reliefs and Accommodations for disorderly Knaves, and they pestow Halts upon them without Pribes or Rewards; but for your Fools and marry'd Men, they have no Regards, and hur must find hurself; therefore hur is come for Advices and Consultation, to the prave and knowing Dr. *Spring*.

Spring. Let me know your Case, and I will endeavour to help you.

Ap. Heigh ho! Love has no Powers, hur Passions peat so quick about hur Heart; Look'ye, hur is a Shentleman of *South-Wales*, and the pest Plood in *Pritain* between St. *David* and

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and *Catwalladar* runs in hur Veins, without
Pribble prabbles or Ostentations.

Spring. Very likely.

Ap. Hur is marry'd for Loves a young and
peautiful Woman of this Town, and sprung
of very ancient, but not very wealty Shene-
alogy.

Spring. That is, her Ancestors spent their
Estates in Honour to their Tirtles — Go
on, I begin to read your Fortune in your
Face —

Ap. Well ! if hur is a Cuckold, hur shall
coe to Heav'n in coot Company : Heigh ho !
hur Love was as warm, and as true, as the
plue Veins in the Body of hur Heart ; but,
alas ! hur was no sooner marry'd, but this
Woman, pig with the Tevil, teclar'd, that hur
was join'd in Wedlock to her to be her Pro-
perties, and her Pleasures ; that a Husband
was but as a Skreen, a Masque, or a Surtour,
to cover and tisguise her peccant Humours.

Spring. Poor Gentleman —

Ap. Therefore, hur did pestow upon her
some Corrections and Tisциплиnes, to cool and
temperate the Petulance of her Tongue and
her Plood, that hur might make some Refor-
mations in her Manners ; put her Passions did
poil over, and the very next Night, look'ye,
she run away like a Mountain Coat, while hur
was in teep Sleep.

Spring. Surely you do not reckon this a-
mong your Losses.

Ap. Aye, but the Fugitive, observe you,
has carry'd away a Thousand Pieces of hur
Ancestors goot old Cold ; it was hur Father's,
and hur Grandfather's, and hur creat, creat
Grand-

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Grandfather's Hoard. He was kept up against rainy Weathers and Adversities.

Spring. And you have never heard of her since?

Ap. She is now in *London*, look'ye; hur met her just now at *Charing-Cross*, in a red Coat, and a Sword, and Feather, as if hur was list a Colonel in Hur Majesty's Guard.

Spring. And why did you not seize your Wife and your Money?

Ap. Oh, when hur saw hur, hur drew hur Sword, and made Orations, that hur was a Payliff, and had Executions and Arrests; so hur was knock'd down, and peaten, and bruised like any Threshing-floor, as Cot shall save me.

Spring. And what am I to do in this Case?

Ap. Tear Doctor, there are Reports and very creat Fames, that you and the sage Mrs. *Joiner* are rescended from the Wise *Merlin*, our *Pritish* Inchanter; now if hur wou'd give hur the Accommodations, look'ye, of some Charms to reduce this Woman to her Opedience and her Vertues again, that she may love her Husbant, and look after her Family; Do ye see!

Spring. Sir, I cou'd bring her Post to you in Two Minutes from *Lapland*, if that were all; but it is a Task almost too hard for the Devil himself to fix the Heart of a Woman. Wou'd you have her Person and her Inclinations both, or will the one do without the other?

Ap. Py all Means, let hur have her Person, and her Inclinations, and her Cold too, look'ye.

Spring.

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Spring. It shall be done ; but first you must give me seven Pieces of old Gold, if you have any left ; a small Offering to those ministerial Spirits who work on the Reduction of Feminine Passions.

Ap. Look'ye, here are four Pieces, four Pieces will be sufficient.

Spring. No, no, Sir, the Number Seven is mysterious.

Ap. There are your seven Pieces ; but, I pray you, is there much Labour in their Operations ?

Spring. Oh, Sir, inexpressible ! my *Genii*, for ever industrious, will reduce Glass and China to Malleation, fix the subtil fluid Silver, give Humility to the Gown, Generosity to the Bar, and blend Humanity and Politicks ; they swear, indeed, in these Labours : But, Sir, to search the Heart of a Woman, to separate the real and the affected Passions, to weed a Female Mind, is an immortal Work ; their Virtues and Vices lie huddled in Confusion ; for Example, You wou'd only tear away a Woman's Pride, and her Humility comes up by the Roots : Religion and Love live together in the same Eyes ; and the false Devotee is not less a Coquette in her Piety, than a Prude in her Affection.

Ap. 'Tis true, their Affectations are very great, indeed ; but when will you begin your Charms ?

Spring. This Moment. To evince your Consent, fix yourself thus, Sir, thus to the East, put your Right Fore-finger on your Left Eye, and blow three Times hard, *Once, twice, thrice* : So — return to me in four Days, and you shall

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shall have an Account of the Situation of your Affairs. In the mean time, I will order your Wife hither ; She shall drink a Beveridge of my composing, a great Restorative.

Ap. I pray you then let hur drink sufficient Quantities ; hur will wait on you precisely at hur Times and Appointments ; hur is hur most Opedient in all Truths and Sincerities.

[*Exit Apwigeon.*]

Spring. These Ideots make us knowing in spite of our selves ; I am gluttred with their Follies.

Apwigeon returns in haste.

Ap. Oh Doctor, tear, tear Doctor, hur Charm has operated already, hur Wife is now pelow, now, look'ye, this very Moment in Tiscourses and in Interrogations with your Servant ; hur has the Palpitations of the Heart, and is surprized at the Powers of your Inchantments.

Spring. I knew she must come, but I did not expect her so soon. You must not be seen, 'Squire, that wou'd destroy the Charm intirely.

Ap. Well then, hur will submit hur Conduct to hur Tiscretions.

Spring. Within there——Conduct this Gentleman down the back Stairs, and see him safe out at the private Wicket. [*Exit Apwigeon.*]
Chance works Wonders for us To-day ; if Fortune shou'd continue her Favours, we might discharge our Spies, and act wholly on the Credit of her Indulgence.

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Apwigeon.

Mrs. Apwigeon and Spring.

Mrs. Ap. By the Description I have had of the renowned Dr. *Spring*, you are he.

Spring. And pray, Sir, who are you?

Mrs. Ap. A fortunate young Dog, the Envy of the Men, and the Joy of the Women.

Spring. You seem pretty well assured, Sir.

Mrs. Ap. Accomplish'd that Way; Impudence is my Patrimony.

Spring. Have you nothing else to live upon?

Mrs. Ap. By all that's impertinent, nothing. Look'ye, Sir, there is not much of me, but I am a tight, muscular little Fellow, as you see; I have Desire in my Eyes, Love in my Heart, and a Spring in my Nerves.

Spring. You are very happy.

Mrs. Ap. Sublimely so.

Spring. A Favourite of the Fair, you say?

Mrs. Ap. Mighty well with the Women.

Spring. ——— Humph ———

Mrs. Ap. Between you and I, a Beau Garzon. But you know all that, to be sure ——— I am upon a very wise Project, as I conceive; I design to marry — Your Advice, Sir? among Forty or Fifty Affairs I have now upon my Hands, there is a Lady, a Twenty Thousand Pounder, Child; a young, wholesome, bloomy, sweet Girl, as ever own'd a warm Heart, or a wanton Wish.

Spring. Has she heard you on that Subject?

Mrs. Ap. I broke it to her this Morning — Rat me, Madam, said I, let you and I do a
filly

filly Thing, and marry; this Libertine Life grows dull and methodical, there wou'd be something novel in Regularity; our Duty will be Variety: the particular Regard I have for you has prevented my throwing my self away on some twenty or thirty Trifles of your Sex, who have an Empressment for my Person: I found she did not relish the Thing, I saw her tan like the Devil with Rage and Jealousy: let her curvet and flounce and tear her Fans and her Heart to Tatters, let her have an eternal Hysterick, I know my Power and am insolent and determin'd.

Spring. How can you use a Woman thus who loves you?

Mrs. Ap. Entre nous, I have had her, Matrimony you know will turn the Curacy into a Sine-cure, and the Business may be done by Deputy, when one has a Patent for Life.

Spring. Have you no Notion of Virtue?

Mrs. Ap. — It is a pretty Surtout,

Spring. — for the Weather of the World.

Mrs. Ap. — Your Advice, shall I marry this Woman, aye or no?

Spring. — You may marry her — But —

Mrs. Ap. But — I hate your Buts, but what?

Spring. There are two Objections in our way.

Mrs. Ap. — Name 'em.

Spring. First that you are marry'd already, and secondly that you are a Woman.

Mrs. Ap. Ha, ha, what, because I have no Hair upon my Chin; view me well, survey me round, here are Limbs! here is a Chin! tho' I have never had a Razor on my Face,

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I have Spirit in my Veins; and Fire in my Heart: — This is my Guard — there you are in *Terse*, here I have you in *Quart*, there in *Flanconade*, Ha, Ha, [Attacking]

Spring. Dear Madam you over act, so awkwardly to, you prevent my Discovery.

Mrs. Ap. Was ever any Gentleman so used? Impertinent, I have a good mind to pink your Soul.

Spring. Remember Child, you are the Thing containing only; you may make Love to the Women, and fight with the Men as much as you please, but when you come to the Push, you will always be undermost, my little Bully; be sincere, or you can never profit by my Advice.

Mrs. Ap. — Do you persist in this Non-sensical Whim of yours?

Spring. I do — Give me your Hand.

Mrs. Ap. There —

Spring. No matter, now I think again, the Appearances there are imperfect: I will mark your Nativity [Taking Table-Book and Pencil] On what Day of the Month was you born?

Mrs. Ap. The Fifteenth of November.

Spring. — Your Name?

Mrs. Ap. — Charles.

Spring. The first Letter of your real Christian Name, Madam.

Mrs. Ap. — S.

Spring. And of your Maiden Surname.

Mrs. Ap. — T.

Spring. So, so, (writing) Family antient, not rich, Love, Vows, Coolness, Perjury, Inconstancy, Breeding, Advice of Parents, Marriage, Jealousy, Discontent, Hatred, Elopement.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ap. Death ! what do you mean ? the Devil and you keep a strict Correspondence — you fright me in good Earnest now.

Spring. Let me put these Things together — Aye, you were marry'd in a hurry, to prevent Scandal after a few Love Vexations, to an Old, Cholerick, Covetous, *Welsh* Gentleman, from whom you are eloped with a Bag of old Gold, and a young —

Mrs. Ap. Oh ! for Heaven's Sake no more, no more, the Devil has revealed it to you, beyond all Exception he has ; for no Body else knows any Thing of the Matter — Well, I do believe all I have heard of you — You are a Prodigy ; will you grant me one Favour more ?

Spring. — Name it.

Mrs. Ap. Since I have put on these Breeches, I wou'd not willingly part with 'em methinks ; use a little of your Art, and make a Man of me in Earnest, that is all.

Spring. That Secret would make me rich indeed.

Mrs. Ap. Try your Power.

Spring. Suppose I could do it, how wou'd you keep your Word with your Dear, Dear —

Mrs. Ap. Aye, my dear Colonel, you mean ; no, never, never, I can never part with him —

Spring. And yet this favourite Colonel will prove false as your first Love.

Mrs. Ap. My First !

Spring. Aye, your First ; you see I am in your Secrets.

Mrs. Ap. You are surprisingly insolent.

Spring. Return to your old *Welshman*, ask Pardon for your Sins, and resolve to be a good

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Wife for the future: He is good-natur'd; and will forgive you.

Mrs. Ap. A Brute! he is more concern'd for the Loss of his Gold than his Wife.

Spring. I have a Powder shall restore his Affections.

Mrs. Ap. His Affections! Foh! — Can you make me love him? No, thank Heav'n, that is not in the Power of you nor the Devil; If you have Honour, you will keep what has been discover'd secret: In the mean time, there, there is your Fee: No, no, I shall not revisit *Wales* in Haste, at least I will take the Joys before me first, let Age and Reflection come together, they will be here Time enough: I will not anticipate Misfortunes; the Minutes, the dear happy Minutes that we use are only ours.

*The Moments as they rise, in Bliss employ,
For 'tis a Run-away that gives you Joy.*

End of the Fourth ACT.



ACT

ACT V.

Astræa's Dressing Room.

A Settee on one Side of the Stage.

Astræa and Joiner, meeting.

Astræa. OH, Mrs. Joiner, Oh!

Join. What is the Matter, for Heaven's Sake?

Astræa. Ruin, Desolation; Misery!

Join. How! What! Which Way?

Astræa. Look into the Stars.

Join. What have they done?

Astræa. Foretold the Evils they cou'd not prevent. Curse on your Art!

Join. Let your Grief pause and speak.

Astræa. It is impossible, Words are useless, Reason senseless, Art deceitful, and nothing certain but my Destruction.

Join. You are not undone, you shall not perish; I and the Stars say otherwise.

Astræa aside.] Hah! Does she know this too?

Join. Whence are your Fears? recover your Spirits, I will protect you.

Astræa. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I am married.

Join. Indeed! to whom?

Astræa. To Sir Charles, contrary to your Advice.

Join. How!

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Astræa. This Morning, in Opposition to the Planets, in direct Rebellion to your Prophecy, I was married to Sir *Cha. Miremont*.

Foin. Very well, very well, take Care of the Consequence, there will be a fatal Moment, there will.

Astræa. It is arrived, 'tis come, he has killed the Man already.

Foin. What? How! whom has he killed?

Astræa. *Ringwood*, poor Mr. *Ringwood*, here on this Spot, on Pretence of some Affront he had received from him at your House; Sir *Charles* drew, they both drew, and in two Seconds poor *Ringwood* lay dead at his Feet.

Foin. Hah!

Astræa. I confess, this is my Guilt, my Crime; if I had followed your wise Advice.

Foin. It is surprizing, Madam, it is; what is done with the Body?

Astræa. Alas, I know not; this Misfortune has thrown Sir *Charles* into Distraction.

Foin. What, has he lost his Reason?

Astræa. Utterly; he knows no Body; what shall I do? how shall I act? Tell me quick, *Foiner*, for something must be done immediately.

Foin. Let them bury the Body instantly in the Cellar, throw some Quick-lime over it, convey Sir *Charles*, 'till his Reason returns, to a private Lodging: I will place a Creature of my own near him to take Care of him, and let the Matter on all Sides be hushed with Secrecy.

Astræa. Secrecy! Among Chambermaids and Footmen; the Servants know; it is impossible to conceal it.

Foin.

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Join. Why, then we must swear Sir Charles, was distracted before this Accident, and say that Madness occasion'd it; I will find Evidence; Madmen cannot be criminal.

Astræa. But, Mrs. Joiner, you know the latter Part of your Prophecy is not to be avoided; Sir Charles must dye a legal and a violent Death.

Join. How! my own Words recoil: ——— Death, she believes now more than I wish. [*Aside.*] [*To Astræa.*] Well, Madam, since I can be of no Use to you I will retire; perhaps the Sight of me wou'd disturb Sir Charles, and occasion more Mischief ——— Your Servant ——— [*Going.*]

Astræa. Oh, no, no, stay a little here I beg you, dear Mrs. Joiner, I will but step into next Room and take some Care of Sir Charles, and return immediately. [*Exit Astræa.*]

Joiner alone.

Let me reflect a Moment; this may be Colusion, Confederacy, it may; and yet her Fears and her Confusion should be real; aye, she believes in me, and there is a Sincerity in Bigotry not easily counterfeited — How then? what have I been possessed all this while and did not know it: On that Side, the Face of this Affair is a little shocking, and I shudder at my own Ideas: ——— Pho', it cannot be, I will found the Bottom: ——— If the Devil has play'd a Trick with me at last, and mock'd my Imagination; why, he has been my Ape only, and descended to dignify my Frauds; Hah! they are coming, let me settle my self here a little; this Business has thrown me into some Disorder ——— Whatever has

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happen'd; I will sustain my Character to the last, and —

[*As she passes by the Settee, she throws off the Coverlet, and Ringwood is discover'd; his Breast uncover'd and Bloody; Joiner starts and trembles.*

Hah! Murther! Death! Distraction! That Gorgon Sight curdles my Blood, and turns me into Stone — Oh Mercy — Mercy! —

[*She staggers.*

Enter Sir Charles, with an Incision Knife in his Hand, looking wildly round.

Sir Cha. Soft a little — let us anatomize the World: — Open that Statesman's Head; Strange! It rebates our Instruments; 'tis all one Adamantine Rock — Come Reverend Doctor, [*To Joiner.*] you and I will hold a Lecture here; I am of the Faculty, old Galen.

Join. Alas! Alas! this Sight confirms that bloody one.

Sir Cha. The Spoil of the Silk-worm cloaths only the Guilty; Innocence is your best Apparel; it was the Staple of the Nation; but we have been in French Fashions; Fye, Fye—

Join. Oh Sir, what means that bleeding Object? Do you not tremble at the Sight?

Sir Cha. What! that Philosopher! 'tis Aristippus, he, the merriest Greek in Athens.

Join. Do you not then repent this wicked Deed?

Sir Cha. I leave that Work for the Disert of Life — 'Tis Time enough to wash my Hands at Night.

Join.

Foin. Poor *Ringwood* is cut off in the Middle of his Age, in the very Noon of Life.

Sir Cha. It is true, he breakfasted early in this World, and so is gone to Bed at Dinner Time: 'Tis Bed-time at threescore and ten with every Body: If a lusty Knave keeps his Eyes open to a hundred ——— Why, he walks a Mile after Supper ——— That is all.

Foin. Let me be gone, let me be gone; I cannot bear the Place.

Sir Cha. No, not for your Soul, you will disturb our Sacrifice, there is more Work to be done.

Foin. How! for Heaven, for Mercy's Sake.

Sir Cha. Peace, Peace, learn to lard the lean Meat of Adversity with Patience, Wench.

Foin. I will come again presently, Sir, indeed I will.

Sir Cha. Ha! I know you now, you are Tenant to the Stars; yes you have a Lease of the twelve Houses, witnessed by *Ptolemy* and *Tycho Brache* ——— Ha, ha' ha, old *Satan's* Intelligencer for lost Thimbles and Maiden-heads; I joy to see thee: They say *Eve* studied Astronomy, and ever since your Sex lie with their Faces upward.

Foin. You talk wildly, dear Sir, try to compose your self; I will go and endeavour to comfort *Astræa*.

Sir Cha. What! now the *Opus magnum* is begun: Ay, wou'd you flinch now? ——— I must enquire into the *primum mobile* of all Mischief; an Astrologer's Heart.

Foin. Oh, Sir, you won't murder me! Help ——— Help ——— Murder!

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Sir Cha. No, no, Peace, — I will dissect you with the Tranquility of a Philosopher.

Foin. Oh! Oh! what will become of me?

Sir Cha. I will begin with your Brain; aye, we will trace this medullar Substance thro' all its Insertions; then we will curiously examine the Rise of the Nerves; descend with them into the *Vena cava* of the Heart, and discover how our animal Spirits are the Parents of Fraud, Pride, Hypocrisy, Lust and Avarice.

Foin. Oh, my dear *Sir Charles*, for Heaven, for Goodness, for your own Honour, spare me, spare me; and I will discover all without this bloody Inquisition.

Sir Cha. Oh 'tis a noble Art; by this you shall see, we shall be able to give the particular Uses of the Blood, the Chyle, the Spleen, the Lympha, and the Marrow; by this we may know how Complexions and Sins vary, as Gall and Blood abound; how Love is generated, Hatred fermented; the Meanders of Policy; the milky Paths of Folly; the large Valves of Generosity; and the little Traps of Avarice: Come seat your self — Come Madam, here, here.

Foin. You shall know all, Sir, you shall know all; I beg you on my Knees to spare my Life, and take a full Confession of my whole Guilt; I will discover all without Prevarication, or concealing any the minutest Circumstance; spare but my Life — Oh — Oh —

Sir Cha. Hah! 'tis well said, Confess your self then instantly: Behold your Ghostly Father! Sin and Absolution tread a Circle; Absolution

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olution is the Sponge of Error; but first read your Credentials from old *Lucifer*; the Compact you have made in Blood with *Satan*.

Join. Oh Sir, I have misused his Name; I own it, and I have from Time to Time only pretended a Familiarity with him and the Stars to get my Bread.

Sir Cha. You have used the Names of the great with too much License ——— Go on—

Join. I was employ'd by *Clarinda* to break this Match between you and *Astræa*; and indeed I forged, as I thought, that Prophecy, which is now most bloodily and truly accomplish'd.

Sir Cha. ——— How!

Join. Look not so dreadfully upon me, believe me, Sir, I cou'd not imagine it wou'd have had this dreadful Consequence; and yer, tho' I then knew nothing of the Matter, and therefore cou'd have no Malice, the Devil put it in my Head, that is most certain.

Sir Cha. Ay, you dealt the Cards, and he was your Croupi ——— You confess your self then ———

Join. I do, a pitiful Impostor, a poor Trick-stress, a bungling Juggler, a silly Wretch, who knows nothing of the Stars, or the Occult Sciences, and acted only by mortal Confederacy, and a little low Intelligence with Thieves and Chambermaids.

Sir Cha. Without any supernatural Possession; impossible! How could these Things fall out thus?

Join. If the old Gentleman was great with me, indeed it was without my Consent, contrary

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trary to my Knowledge: And if he were here, and could speak Truth, he would say so.

Sir Cha. Thy Confession is honest, and thy Life safe; so now to Dinner; fall to; here is a Calve's Head of your own Preparation.

Foin. Dear, dear Sir, you promis'd Mercy.

Sir Cha. What! no Stomach to Man's Flesh, old Endon, by Heaven a noble Repast; chuse your Friend and your Wine by Age and Experience; while you diet on these two, nothing can hurt you: What! dost thou shrink? I will lock you up, immure you; shut you within these Walls till you have pick'd the Bones.

[Sir Charles drags Joiner toward the Settee, when Ringwood rises, and bows to her:

Joiner staggers to the opposite Scene.

Ring. Ah! Madam la Diableresse, *Je suis tres* Votre.

Sir Cha. *Conjuro vos Athaniel, Tossoffacan, Zomthonphancia*, what do you think no Body can conjure but you, my little Foiner?

Ring. How is this? in a Reverie, my Girl of Mettle; fairly repiqued, by Jupiter.

Sir Cha. What think you of Art Magick now?

Foin. Shame! Shame! to be caught, tricked, taken thus at last.

Sir Cha. In one of thy own Springs.

Foin. Aye, my Brother Woodcock, False Buify! Ungrateful Ringwood!

Sir Cha. Have you never a Pocket Devil, ready, to bounce you thro' the Doors, convey you out of the Window, or up the Chimney in a Flash of Lightning.

Ring.

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Ring. Aye, come, let us see you mount a flying Broomstick in a Moment, and away a serenading to *Lapland*.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha, pr'ythee, *Joiner*, tell me what malignant Planet reigns to Day?

Join. You are to be married. *Aries*, *Taurus*, *Capricorn*, will be in Conjunction.

Sir Cha. Oh the malevolent Aspects! Where are now your Pugs, your Familiars, your *Genii*, barr'd up in Spirits of Wine? Not one Devil at a Pinch; that is hard; ha, ha.

Ring. She is out of Date like yesterday.

Sir Cha. A last Year's Calendar.

Ring. The Jest of Idiots.

Sir Cha. A waking Dream.

Ring. A Fool's Paradise.

Sir Cha. A Bigot's Perspective.

Ring. Noisy, and insignificant.

Sir Cha. The very Drum of a Puppet Show.

Enter Spring and Frances, guarded by Constables.

So Gentlemen, you have served your Warrant, I see.

Join. Hah! *Spring* and *Frances*.

Sir Cha. Behold, Madam, your Fellow-Labourers, and in Affliction.

Spring. Mr. *Ringwood*, Sir, we have done your Honour good Service.

Fran. Sir, Sir, consider, we were always faithful to you, you have profited by our Labours.

Ring. You must share the Fate of your Principal; I own your Affairs have at present a very malevolent Aspect.

Enter

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Enter Astræa and Scuttle.

Sir Charles, Ringwood, Joiner, Spring, Frances, Astræa and Scuttle.

Sir Cha. Oh, the Ladies are come give to you Joy, *Joiner*, of your Repentance and Confession.

Astræa. How do you, good Mrs. *Joiner*? What think you? may this Marriage now be perfected?

Join. Hoh! You have been my Fool long enough, and have a Right to laugh in your Turn.

Sir Cha. The last Laughter has ever the best of it, *Joiner*; Shall I die a legal, but a violent, Death? Faith, we are resolved to marry, notwithstanding all thy dreadful Denunciations.

Join. Do, do, marry, erect thy Crest, toss thy Brow-Antlers gallantly round the Town; there are Masquerades, Assemblies, Operas, China-Shops, and Cockold-makers in plenty here, thank Heaven there are.

Scuttle. Eh Lud! dear Mrs. *Joiner*, could you not show one something supernatural and surprizing, as one may say, in one of your Magick Glasses? Oh Lud, 'tis most furiously pretty; can you not discover by your Art, how long this consummate Felicity may be continued, and—

Ring. How may Boys and Girls we shall make out of one another?

Scut. Eh Lud, You hideous naughty Thing, I will not have you think on that.

Join.

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Foin. I can assure you, Madam, this Gentleman will soon wear down the Nap of all this pretty Affectation, he will; you will soon be as old as a thread-bare Coat, as insipid as an old Tale told over and over; you may see by his Gratitude to me, what you are to expect.

Scut. The Creature becomes scurrilous; what does the Woman mean, Mr. *Ringwood*?

Foin. What a silly Triumph is here; 'tis at last but the baiting of your own Follies; Mr. *Ringwood*, I thought I might have deserved better from you; but no Matter — you have taken away my Livelihood — my Support.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Gentlemen and Ladies, your Servant, your Servant: — Mrs *Foiner*, one Word in your Ear —

Foin. Drown your impertinent Love, your Dreams, your old Cuckold, the Stars, Sir *Charles*, and your Ladyship too; wou'd you were all ten Foot under Water — and I with you.

Clar. Hey dey! Why in such a furious Hurry, good Madam?

Ring. She is a little out of Temper, because People marry here, contrary to the Stars and her Inclinations.

Clar. And are you married, Mr. *Ringwood*?

Ring. Yes, Faith, *Clarinda*, the Priest has given me Livery and Seisin; and by this pretty Bit of Turf I hold 3000 Pounds a Year.

Clar. And has Sir *Charles* too, repugnant to all the Rules of Astrology, engag'd himself for Life to *Astræa*?

Ring.

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Ring. *Clarinda*, we are in your Secret; your old Hubby still breathes, to your great Disappointment, and *Sir Charles* and *Astræa* will in half an Hour be as much one Flesh and Blood, as the Parson can make them, who join'd us; and now waits in the next Room.

Clar. You are mighty pert, Sir, extremely pert on your good Fortune; this is some Trick between *Sir Charles* and you, and *Mrs. Joiner*, but I shall find the Bottom of it, I shall.

[Exit *Clarinda*.]

Ring. *Sir Charles*, I now give you Joy from a sincere Heart; as I have been hearty in this Conviction of *Joiner*, I dare say you believe I deceived you in order to make you happy; whatever the Principle was, on which I began this Intrigue with *Joiner*, my own good Fortune has now enabled me to wish you all your Heart can hope for in *Astræa*; and it is an unreasonable Heart, I am sure, if it hopes for more than she can give: I own, Madam, [to *Astræa*.] but I own it with Contrition, I was instrumental in blinding you: I had some vain Hopes which are now in Air.

Astræa. And were you the Form that appear'd this Night to *Sir Charles* at *Joiner's*.

Ring. The same; substantially me: I have been a vicious Machine, Madam, in almost all her Operations, with a View still to my own Interest; which, I think, makes the Sin venial.

Join. — Ungenerous Monster!

Astræa. *Sir Charles*, if I thought my Words cou'd atone the Guilt of my Fears——

Sir Cha. The Joy I feel in redeeming you from the Slavery of your Superstition, is too big for Language.

Ring.

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Ring. Aye, aye, great Joys, like great Sorrows, are dumb: We will keep our Weddings together, Sir *Charles*, and play a Bout for a Brace of Boys, shall be a Blessing, when we are Ashes, to two Women like these.

Ring. Mrs. *Foiner*, Sir *Charles* and *Astræa* have heartily forgiven you, that the Joys of this Day may not be over-cast in their Horizon. — And since I have done Justice to my Friend upon you, I now hold my self obliged to be grateful to you: I design therefore to pay you annually Two Hundred Pounds during your Life; that will subside you with Comfort, and prevent you, I hope, from practising hereafter on the Follies of the Ignorant, or acting in Collusion with the Designs of the Fraudulent.

Foin. I thank you, Sir, and——

Ring. I do my Duty only— from the subtil Frauds of Impostors like these we may learn——

*How the weak Mind a naked Blank, receives,
The first Impression Time, or Custom gives;
Like feeble Children, in the Dark we err,
And make the very Dangers that we fear:
Wou'd you with Safety thro' Life's Tempest ride?
Let Truth, and Vertue, all your Actions guide.*

End of the Fifth and Last ACT